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Ye flame

The Flame



1935

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE
CENTRAL COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE
REGINA



Ross Barlow

Term 43-44

The Flame

"DRAMA" ISSUE



R. BARLOW
48

CENTRAL
COLLEGIATE
INSTITUTE
REGINA

1934-35



Allen County Public Library
900 Webster Street
PO Box 2270
Fort Wayne, IN 46801-2270

MISS E. DON CATHRO

DEDICATION

To Miss E. Don Cathro, who has recently completed thirty years on the staff of the secondary schools of this city:

Miss Cathro came to Regina in the fall of 1905, with the distinction of being the first woman to receive a Bachelor of Arts degree from Queens University. She took up her duties at Central as a teacher of Moderns and continued in these until 1923, when she was made Dean of Girls and Librarian for both Scott and Central Collegiates. Later the New Technical School also came under her jurisdiction.

During her long association with this school, Miss Cathro has attended to her duties willingly and efficiently. Her great aim has been to establish a good name for Central Collegiate. Through her efforts Central now has one of the best libraries in all the secondary schools of Canada. She has been genuinely interested in school activities, especially in the Dramatic Club, for which she has been a judge since its organization in 1930-31.

Miss Cathro plans to remain in Regina and we hope in the many years ahead of her her interest in Central Collegiate will continue.

Miss Cathro has had a kind and sympathetic interest in the pupils and her many acts of kindness go unadvertised but deeply felt by those who know. The dedication of this year book is insignificant recognition of her work.



ANNUAL STAFF

Top Row (left to right)—G. Thomson, P. Cruickshank, L. Potts, H. Williams, K. Stillwell, C. Simpson, B. Buckley.
 Second Row—A. Wright, E. Milligan, N. Carpenter, Mr. Campbell, Mr. MacMurchy, Mr. Robertson, N. Powell,
 M. McLeod, B. Flewelling, M. Lowthian.
 First Row—P. Farnsworth, G. Cooke, G. Withrow, M. Gardiner, F. Thomson, G. Blair, R. McNally, M. Porter.

"YE FLAME" EDITORIAL STAFF

| | | |
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EDITORIAL

LIFE AS A DRAMA

Through the ages, the existence of man has borne a remarkable similarity to a drama. From the mighty tragedies of the Greeks to the greatest plays of the moderns, the life of man, with its tragedy, its pathos and its light-hearted comedy, has been continuously portrayed. A Drama is the outward expression of Life, and conversely the expression of Life is always a Drama.

Each one of us has been prone to liken our school career to a drama, and the fuller our life has been, the more colorful it is. All of us—nine hundred or more—have been the cast. The faculty, perchance, the villains. A lot of people think they should be the heroes, having been able to endure us for four years. Tragedy, pathos, and humor in varying emotional intensity, have been our lot. Who has not felt pangs of pity (even self-pity) at the tragedy of the misguided student, who habitually pursued his involuntary education in the dreary detention room? Who has not sensed an element of pathos in the case of the first-year, staggering home with a load of books under the delusion that he'd learn something? Who has not discerned a touch of humor when a fellow student was portraying a particular teacher in the shape of a giraffe or duck, on the board—with the Professor, so illustrated, a mere matter of centimeters behind him?

All these things have happened in our school career. Our existence has intermingled the bitter with the sweet. Our Drama has been balanced, we have learned to begin to discern values, and rely on ourselves.

Most of us have grown mentally; we have tasted the uses of Adversity, we have formed valuable friendships, both with the faculty and fellow students. We will remember the momentous Drama of our school life to the last, as one of the basic builders of our character.

The years lie before us. Let us strive for an ideal Drama of Life, so that with Tennyson we may say:

“Build thee more stately mansions, Oh, my soul,
As the swift seasons roll;
Leave thy low vaulted past;
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from Heaven, with a dome more vast!”

BUSINESS STAFF

The publishing of this Annual involves much more work than most people realize. The Editorial Staff indulge in temperamental outbursts and imagine that they are the backbone, head and shoulders of the whole thing, but the people who have the weary, depressing job are those on the business staff. Tramping streets, haranguing with business men, collecting advertisements,

are the most thankless tasks connected with the publication. The business staff was under the able leadership of Reg. McNally, assisted by F. W. R. Cavanagh.

This year our martyrs to the cause collected \$500, approximately, in the sale of advertisements. A friendly contest between girls' and boys' teams left the girls the losers (A chicken dinner the stake!). The girls' team headed by Louise Deacon, included: Margaret Porter, Pat Farnsworth, Marie Craig, Lillian Robb, Peggy Annable, Gerry Wickerson, Marian Rutledge, Eleanor Everetts, Shirley Stewart, Maurine Trimble, Dot Cullum, Margery MacKenzie and Grace Helm.

The boys: Bill Buckley, Keith Ansley, Alan Scythes, Arthur Wilson, Ed. Peart, Pat Salmond, Ross Sneath, Bill Nickerson, Archie Forbes, Doug Galloway.

In the interests of the Annual, both of which were memorable for the pleasurable time they afforded, and shortage of proceeds, the untiring efforts of the dance committees to stage a new show for each dance are to be commended. The committees consisted of: Forbes W. R. Cavanagh, Murray Auld, Arthur Wilson, Keith Ansley, Don MacKenzie, Alton King, Doris MacDonald.

And still another side to the Annual is the circulation. This was handled this year by Harvey Williams and Charlie Simpson with Arthur Wilson, Harry Guest, Emil Nagel, Ross McCrae, Elizabeth Alport.

Without the splendid co-operation of our staff advisors and efforts of all these students, the 1935 YE FLAME would have been an impossibility and the Editorial staff of YE FLAME take this opportunity to express its sincere gratitude and appreciation.

ON THE VALUE OF GOOD BOOKS AND GOOD READING

Most of us appreciate good reading, and the intellectual benefits to be derived from such. There are two distinct methods of perusing a book. One consists of skimming the pages, in an abstract sort of way, allowing the thought value to enter and leave one's mind practically simultaneously. Such a method is worse than useless. The other, and more profitable way, is to delve into the pages, to concentrate on them, and to be absorbed by them. One is transported into a livelier, a gayer, a more diversified realm of fancy, and is able to explore for oneself the highways of knowledge.

The reading of an entertaining book calls for no bodily exertion, and is an amusement and recreation that lends a zest and enchantment to that disc of conglomerate vapidty which we term "Life," and makes it palatable. Good reading is something we must choose with discretion, and if we do, it is something we can enjoy while at work, and look forward to with pleasure.

THE KING'S JUBILEE YEAR

May 6, 1935, marked the Silver Anniversary of the Accession of His Majesty George V, in London. The Empire joined

in celebrating the occasion, the termination of twenty-five years, the most momentous in British history—years blessed with material and scientific progress, years which demonstrated the solidarity of the Empire during the tragic period of the World War; years cursed and blessed by the present financial depression, all of which have demonstrated the courage and faith of the British race. His Majesty is to be congratulated on his rule during the last quarter century, and the sincere wish is extended for a happy and prosperous reign in the years to come.

THE DOMINION DRAMA FESTIVAL

The week of April 22nd saw the opening of the third annual Dominion Drama Festival in Ottawa. In the Little Theatre of this city was gathered the best of Canada's amateur dramatic talent which was selected from one hundred and twelve plays presented in the regional festivals. The twenty-one plays which constituted the finals were those approved by Malcolm Morley who, during the past winter, has travelled from Halifax to Vancouver judging dramatic productions. Our own city was represented by the Regina Little Theatre group. The plays are presented in French or English and special encouragement is given to Canadian plays. In fact four of those presented in the finals of this year were written by Canadian authors. Allan Wade of London, England, was the official adjudicator. The Earl of Bessborough, who is keenly interested in developing Canadian drama and who founded the Dominion Drama Festival in the spring of 1933, presented the coveted Bessborough Trophy to L'Ecole de Musique et de Declamation de l'Université d'Ottawa who were judged as the winning team for this year, 1935. The Dominion Drama Festival emphasizes the fact that community drama is becoming a national institution in Canada and every year it makes an increasing contribution to the cultural life of the Dominion.

PUBLIC NOTE

One of the main objections of both faculty and students since the inception of this institution has been our faulty ventilating and heating system. It is an established fact that the ventilating system on the north and south wings of the school does not work, and in the rest of the school it has to be coaxed to get results. This, in the interests of everybody, ought to be corrected as soon as possible.

Economy—in the idea of keeping this system, at the expense of health—should not be brooked.

Our heating system, though improved of recent years, is yet far from perfect. The act of heating our rooms is frequently accompanied by an unharmonic series of radiator clanks; again, we occasionally find the system doesn't work at all. Installation of an appropriate ventilating system and an efficient heating system that will adequately serve our needs, is something devoutly to be anticipated.

RE: ANNUALS

Every year the fate of the Annual hangs in the proverbial balance. However, after much pessimistic optimism, the bright young energetics usually secure sufficient of those elusive "ads" to start the wheels of publication, much too late in the season, with financial stability very, very weak.

The Annual is a big undertaking and should be considered early in fall term. An Annual fund established from proceeds of first dance of the year would be a blessed reserve when time for publication arrived. This could be enlarged by fair percentage of the returns from Christmas Concert, from a tea, dances, and even the presentation of a senior class play. This matter should be attended to by the S. C. and would make the Annual as permanent a thing as the Sphinx.

SPECIAL MUSICAL PERIODS

In many modern educational institutions, a special musical period has been instituted, at least once a month, for the purpose of educating the student body in the appreciation of really first-class music. Either by the school orchestra, or by means of the gramophone, classical gems of such masters as Wagner, Gilbert and Sullivan, Mozart, Beethoven, Strauss, Schubert, Rossini, and Handel, have been presented. These have given the students a glimpse of the best in songs, symphonies, oratorios, opera arias and chamber-music, which comprises a rounded musical education. This is being done in First year, but it could be extended.

To serve the triple purpose of education, amusement and recreation, if the orchestra is unable to produce one such special concert a month, a portion of the proceeds of our dances, etc., could be set aside for the purpose of purchasing records of such music. Such a scheme is very practical and we believe the benefits to be derived from such periods would justify the inauguration.

A SIX YEAR COURSE

Scotland, the schooling centre of the world, has a six year school course to cover the present four year high school curriculum in Canada. By this step the dangers of theory without practice and a curriculum without diversions, are greatly diminished. Four of life's most vital necessities need greater emphasis than ever before. Drama, Oratory, English and Music certainly require more attention and such attention requires more time. Could the time not be taken from the years that the immature youths spend in growing up after their early release from high school?

We must advocate more periods in the auditorium to hear professional men talk on vocations, to hear classical music, to see pictured the conditions existing in foreign countries. In short, we must advocate to a practical degree "EDUCATION BY ILLUSTRATION."

FOREWORD

It is with pleasure that I comply with the Editor's request for a short message of introduction for the 1934-35 YE FLAME. In doing so I wish, first of all, to pay a tribute to our committee of students and teachers for the very fine Annual which they have given us and for the capable and business-like way in which they have gone about its production. Sometimes we are inclined to take this annual publication for granted, expecting it to appear before the close of school in June, forgetting just how much worry and work it has cost those to whom the task has been entrusted.



W. G. SCRIMGEOUR, M.A.

The four years of High School life bring many and varied experiences and open up wider and wider horizons. For you who have been with us but a year—whose first act in this drama of life is about complete—our hope is that through your contacts with fellow students and teachers you have established yourself for the years to come in honesty and fair dealing. If you have made a good beginning there need be no fear for the final ending. Some there are who are finishing their second and third acts in this drama. After two and three years at Central we trust they may look back with satisfaction for having played their parts to the best of their ability and look forward with confidence to the climax of their efforts in the final act whenever it comes.

For those who are passing off the stage, whose little act at Central is about complete, we have feelings of regret. We rejoice with you in the many fine achievements of our school during these four years—achievements in which you have had an outstanding part. Our hope is that you carry away from Central ideals that will remain with you in the years to come. When you peruse the pages of this annual from time to time may it recall pleasant memories, enduring friendships, fine comradeship and worthwhile accomplishments.

It is my privilege, as principal, to wish all our graduating students, health, genuine success and real happiness.

W. G. SCRIMGEOUR,
Principal.



R.J. STAPLES



C.J. FYFE



W.J. OLIVER



L.H.S. CLARK



J.E.R. DONSEE



R.W.W. ROBERTSON



MISS D.E. TINGLEY



H.W. CHAPMAN



J.E. CAMPBELL



W.G. SCRIMGEOUR



D.S. MAC MURPHY



V.K. MACMILLAN



H.M. ALLAN



C.C. LINGARD



F.W. GREENOUGH



MRS. G.N. SAMPSON



STAFF



E.C. McECHEARN



J.E. COOPER



MISS D.G. FORSYTHE



F.E. HOWARD



W.G. MYATT



MISS A. MACFARLANE



MISS V. LEECH



R.J. MCKENZIE



MISS D. CANHAM



MISS G. COXALL



J.W. HUNT



N.C. GRIFFIN



MISS J. WHEATLEY



W.E. PERKINS



A.L. WILLIAMS



W. HOWARD

THE STAFF

- Mr. Scrimgeour:**
It's the 'principal' of the thing.
- Mr. Campbell:**
Full of sound and fury
Signifying 'a heck of a lot'.
- Mr. McMurchy:**
Hell is mercury.
- Mr. Greenough:**
"My theorem of evolution is
That all things are similar."
- Mr. Doxsee:**
A land breeze shook his shrouds.
- Mr. Oliver:**
A circle in silhouette.
- Mr. Lingard:**
"Quiet class; Had I three ears I'd hear thee."
- Mr. Myatt:**
His wisdom is consumed in confidence
But 'shoot the works',
Then blow ye winds, heigh ho!
- Mr. Cooper:**
The Tempest: "By heaven I'll make a ghost of him
That mars the excellence of algebraic execution."
- Mr. McEachern:**
"I know more about 'Homer' than Babe Ruth himself."
- Mr. W. Haward:**
"Even in a prison life may be led well."
- Mr. Hunt:**
"This prison is a Holy place and
My bright tie a halter."
- Mr. Allen:**
"A geographical expression, slightly eroded."
- Mr. Clark:**
"Don't throw Physics to the dogs,
'I' want it."
- Mr. Fred Howard:**
His life was gentle. (Irony.)
- Mr. Robertson:**
"Every man will be thy friend."
- Miss Forsyth:**
She rose by degrees. (M.A., B. Com.)
- Mr. Griffin:**
"This bodes some strange eruption to our state."
- Miss Wheatly:**
Fire burn; cauldron bubble.
Cakes burn; get into trouble.
- Miss Leech:**
The quality of mercy is not strained.

Mr. Williams:

"I fell upon the thorns of life
But did I rise!"

Miss McFarlane:

"That of hir smyyling was full symple and coy."

Mr. Staples:

"Life is but thought, so think I will
That I can play the jew's harp still."

Miss Boyd:

Come let's make hay;
She'll soon be back.

Miss Tingley:

"Season your admiration for a while."

Mr. Fyfe:

"The Eve of Waterloo" or "The Morning After."

Mr. Chapman:

"O death in life is Latin."

Mrs. Sampson:

Friendship is a sheltering tree.

Miss McMillan:

"Always a **Ham** to **Let** or a **Speare** to **Shake**."

Mr. MacKenzie:

"Oh cursed spite; forsooth their manual training is a sight."

Miss Coxall and Miss Canham:

"What good stenographers you are!"
(Flattery is the last resort of fools.)

MORE ENGLISH

England, our Motherland, we serve; English, our language, we speak. Without doubt, our Motherland, England, the colonies serve. English is certainly our language, but do we speak it? We do not. It is "mouthed!"

Slang expressions, malconstructions of grammar, limited vocabularies, distorted word usage, incorrect pronunciation—all prevalent, all true in the speech of the majority of Canadian students.

All of the above mentioned could be corrected, all should be corrected. The present high school curriculum must be reorganized for it is the root of the sorrow. French and Latin are necessities, but need they be stressed and placed high above English in importance? A third year pupil spends weekly, six hours learning foreign languages, grammatical constructions, vocabularies, pronunciation. The same student has three and one-half hours English tutorage, two and one-half of which are devoted to the study of literature. Are grammatical constructions, vocabularies, ways of rhetoric stressed? They are not. They are taken for granted. Half an hour nightly is occupied doing French and Latin homework. In English no assignments are given. They are taken for granted.

Let the old order change, giving place to the new and educationalists fulfill themselves in many ways, lest one poor language should disrupt and ruin the world.

LITERARY

THE VAGABOND MOON

The soft lapping sound of the waves on the shore
Can be heard over the mystic lagoon.
The night-birds are winging,
As softly they're singing
In the spell of the Vagabond Moon.

The Vagabond Moon guides the slow caravans
Of the Gypsies throughout the long night.
On their dances and song,
As they travel along,
The Vagabond Moon casts its light.

There's Gypsy camp-meeting at moon-up tonight,
Oh, wouldn't you love to be there?
With the castinets ringing,
To dancing and singing,
The fun will be spark'ling and rare.

O Vagabond Moon! I'm under your spell
As I dance with the gypsies tonight,
To a wild, rhythmic tune,
To Thee, Vagabond Moon,
And Thy heralds, the moonbeams so bright.

—MARIANNE MACDONALD, 2F.

ODE TO A DETENTION SLIP

You're only a slip of paper,
But you mean a lot to me,
You take away my freedom,
You steal my liberty.

I wasn't doing any harm;
I didn't make a lot of noise.
I was only laughing
At the jokes of the other boys.

In came dear teacher . . .
Creating tense suspension,
But this was rudely shattered
By his, "Go and get Detention."

So now I sit in this hard seat.
The passersby, they mock,
But my face is forever turned
To that slow moving clock.

CYRIL BULNER, 2G.

PHRENOLOGY

By Professor Jay Hickory Wood

Phrenology is a science. It comes from the Latin word "scio," I know. That is the motto of the scientist who lectures. When he doesn't know his motto is "non-scio!" His lecture is then "non-science" or colloquially "nonsense." This, however, doesn't keep the scientist from lecturing, at least it doesn't hinder me. Were I to confine myself to telling you what I know my lecture would be brief and uninteresting. As it is, it will be lengthy and ignorant.

Phrenology, as you know, or do not know, is the study of the human head. The human head is full of interest even if it is empty of everything else. There are many kinds of heads—level heads, thick heads, blackheads, pinheads, and round heads. I will now call upon someone on whom I may illustrate.

Every bump means something. Certain thoughts produce certain bumps. I know of one man who thought of everything for four hours while trying to obtain an excuse to give his wife for staying out so late. At the end of that time his head had sufficient bumps, he was unable to get his hat on. So his wife didn't believe him after all, in fact, she added two bumps.

They, the bumps, of course, do not always remain. Often they are succeeded by a great depression.

Take for instance, another friend of mine, who, before his marriage, had the bump denoting love of children, greatly developed. Now he has fourteen children and this bump has sunk into a great hollow, the size of a soup plate.

This is the bump of Generosability—or the desire to give things away. I, unfortunately, have that bump greatly developed and, although I try to keep it down by constant application of butter, yet I am continually giving my friends away. One man with this bump has given away four daughters, and is anxious to give away four more. In fact, he finds it almost impossible to keep himself.

This bump is the Bump of Humor, not to be confused with one called "extract of humor." This latter is possessed by many comedians, enabling them to extract all humor out of a joke, leaving none of it whatsoever. In the Bump of Humor lies much of popularity, especially if the happy possessor also has the gift of silence. Add to this the bump of Veneration (useful for old jokes) and the art of simulations (invaluable when you are not amused at all) and you are a good audience and popular man.

The tip of the nose denotes color. The dark patch around the eye, a quiet, peaceful nature. This bump, collision with a door. The fullness of the ear denotes love of music, the fullness of the neck apoplexy. This is ambition, this a—wart. These are his whiskers—and that concludes my lecture.

SPRING ON THE PRAIRIES

'Tis here at last! The Spring! And every crow
That caws his slow-winged way across the snow,
Fast-melting now, and all its whiteness gone,
Thrills my whole being. I recall that on
Another spring I felt as now, and stood
On a dead clump of grass, and smelt the good
Damp smell of earth, and heard the liquid song
Of meadowlarks returning. All along
The road, the trees, though bare as yesterday
Seem pulsing now with life and gayety.
On my approach, a gopher whisks from sight.
The sloughs are filled with frogs that sing all night,
The geese are going north in order spread,
Cries issuing from outstretched necks. Ahead
Lies the great silent Northland where they breed;
The cries fade into distance with a speed
That catches at the throat like sudden tears.
Strange, I should be so moved, when all these years
I've loved the warm wind playing in my hair,
Watched all these self-same sights, sniffed this sweet air!
It cannot be sheer beauty, for they say,
Compared with English springtime, or a day
Of March in Okanagan, we have none;
But here the wind, the skyline and the sun
Have made a land that grips me to the heart.
The old thrills, ever new, of Spring are part
Of me. The quick'ning life of things that grow
Makes prairie Spring the loveliest time I know!

NOEL POWELL, 4C.

A LETTER FROM MISS BOYD

This spring I motored down to the Borders. We visited the old twelfth century church in Bowden which has been beautifully restored. The thing that amazed me, however, were the millions of snowdrops in the cemetery and the manse gardens. I was examining one of the tombstones when the verger came up and said, "This is a very old burying ground." To my question, "About how many people are buried here?" he replied, "About forty thousand." No wonder the snowdrops grow in profusion!

The motor run down from Edinburgh to the Borders is something to remember. To your right as you leave the city, rise the Pentland hills, rearing symmetrical peaks to meet the horizon, and in front are the Lammermoors, forever bathed in that purple haze which renders the Scottish landscape so enchanting. On the road from Galashiels we stopped to read a tablet commemorating Walter Scott's favorite view of his beloved Tweed with its encircling hills. When out driving, he always stopped there to admire his own Borderland, and it is said that the horses halted there of their own accord on the day of his funeral.

The approach to Abbotsford is by a long avenue of trees through whose branches the afternoon sunshine filtered. No wonder Scott wished to die within sight and sound of the Tweed, the music of whose waters haunted him all during his last futile journey to Italy.

As you enter his study you can picture him sitting facing the long French windows with his favorite dog at his knee; for a moment your eyes are dimmed with the vision of that endless procession of characters who came to life within these walls. The sun was setting as we stopped to view Melrose, but that is a chapter of impressions in itself and I must not make this too long.

Before closing I should like to tell you about a pastry window I saw in Princess Street last week. You may have heard that the Scots are past masters in the art of cake making; if I can learn some of their secrets before I leave, and if I can obtain a bakery wagon, I foresee tremendous possibilities for feeding Central's "Hungry Hundreds" during intermissions! But about the window——.

At one end was a white meringue gondola, perfect in every detail, with gondoliers in lemon-cake propelling their cargo of almond drops down a pale green river of icing towards a chocolate island with silver strand and wooded glades. It sounds fantastic, but it was all fashioned out of cake and icing sugar. In the next window were baskets and boxes with the lids half open. From one emerged a cascade of roses; from the other, fruit, colored so naturally that I had to look closely to make sure it was really a confection.

However, this is assuming the proportions of a diary, and I must not continue. My very good wishes to the students, and kind regards to the Staff.

Sincerely Yours,
G. BOYD.

POETRY?

From all accounts it evidently takes practice,
To sit with composure upon a cactus.

Ulysses was a hero and had one Missus,
These Hollywood guys can't be sissus!

POME—THE STORK

To books of knowledge I've referred,
And found these creatures to be bird.
I trow they must use high-test gas,
When 'ere quintuplets come to pass,
And now in closing may I say,
"I wish they'd stay—miles away."

CANDID COMMENT ON JAZZBANDS, CROONERS, SOB SISTERS AND HARMONY BOYS

A jazz band is a mediocre galaxy of individuals animated by a common desire to produce the maximum amount of noise in the least possible time. Their fundamental operation is essentially simple. One of the jaded jazzers lackadaisically wafts around a baton (the direction of motion being an insignificant point). This shows he is the leader. Everybody else blows horns, saxophones, or some other instrument calculated to lay everybody low with their charm. Some of the players endeavour to play by their so-called music. Others more ambitiously inclined exhibit their artistic instinct and improvise. Sometimes you can make out the semblance of a melody. More often it is a syncopated mess. A jazz band of twenty has twenty supporters on the air—or should have. As the orchestra performs their convulsions, crooners go through the contortionistic jambles. Crooning, according to Webster, is a low, monotonous, moaning sound such as made by animals in pain. A crooner closes his eyes, winds himself around the microphone and sends forth an atrocious medley of beastly blubberings. Some people don't mind his horrible gaspings, gurgling, bubbling notes. Sane people do. Mussolini spends a happy evening by shooting at his radio when it begins to omit the characteristic contaminating croaks of a sappy crooner.

Sophisticated sob-sisters are even worse. Normal, healthy individuals invariably seek some sort of relief to assuage their misery when these gargling pests defile the air waves. Why any person with an average love of humanity should try to make everybody else unhappy is beyond me. Why anybody stands a flood of morbid, throaty whines, or listens to a tenth rate song by a tenth rate singer is inconceivable. A sob-sister's drivel produces a pure undiluted effect of suspended animation, while the only thing that should be suspended from a height, too—is the sob-sister.

I don't feel like writing about harmony boys! May we just say "what is humanity coming to?"

Our readers' one, and probably only criticism,
Will be this pile of second-hand witticism.

Bastedo, with his borrowed mite of wit,
Has brightened up the room a bit.

A "SCHOOL JOURNEY" TO FRANCE

At ten-thirty, one sunny July morning, nearly three hundred chattering young people between fourteen and eighteen years of age met in an Edinburgh station. They were bound for Paris and Lake Geneva. The journey to London was uneventful, but served to let the young people get acquainted. The crossing to Dunkirk took six hours, three of which were in the calm waters of the Thames. By the time open water was reached most of the young travellers were asleep. They awoke to see the coast of France and to hear, as soon as they came on deck, the loud chatter of the French porters and their excited gesticulations. Then down the gangway and through the customs to secure seats in a train bearing the magic words "Dunkerque-Paris."

The view from the carriage windows was varied: long, straight roads lined with poplar trees, fields studded with fruit trees, later, stricken woods, bleached and distorted since the war years, fields covered with scrap-iron, sidings near the cities with old German, British and French freight vans, miles and miles of houses, and finally, about noon, the "Gare du Nord," Paris.

There we transferred to busses and proceeded through the busy streets of Paris, where the drivers are surely the best, fastest and most reckless in the world, to the Lycée des Garçons at Vanves on the outskirts of the city. How welcome were a wash and a meal! We spent two days in Paris and visited the Panthéon, the Cathédrale de Notre Dame, the Palais de Justice, the Conciergerie and the Sainte-Chapelle, the Madeleine, the Opéra and the Louvre; we saw the flower market and the bird market, walked along the bank of the river Seine and saw the stalls of the "bouquinistes," then through the gardens of the Tuileries to the Arc de Triomphe, where France's Unknown Soldier lies buried: Au Soldat Inconnu, La Patrie Reconnaissante. From there we drove along the Champs Elysées to the Bois de Boulogne, eagerly drinking in, in the short time at our disposal, all we could of the life and habits of our French neighbors.

From Paris to Thonon is a wearisome train journey. Thonon is situated in France, on the south side of Lake Geneva. It is a small town of about four thousand inhabitants, and while there the students were able to go about without a teacher in charge, and to try out their French and their bargaining powers in the local stores. Each day there was an excursion planned, many of them to cities on the Swiss side of the lake, which were reached by lake steamer. Geneva, the home of the League of Nations, Lausanne, Montreux and Chillon with its castle and dungeons were visited. One marvellous charabanc trip took us up the valley of the Dranse, past the Dent du Midi to Chamonix whence we looked up to dazzling Mt. Blanc, Europe's highest mountain. From Chamonix half an hour on a cog railway took us to the Mer de Glace, the station from which mountaineers set out to climb the peak. Most of us ventured for a mile or so across the

ice. The last day was left free for shopping and packing, and what odd moments we had were spent at the lake. The journey home was long, as we had no break in Paris, but what tales we had to tell parents and friends during supper on the night of our arrival, and at intervals for many a day thereafter!

D. C. FORSYTHE.

THE CATECHIST

I heard a little story once,
Or part of one, I mean,
It was about a boy and girl.
A cat, the moon, a stream.

The boy? another Romeo:
The girl? a catechist:
The cat? a fluffy ball of grey,
The kind you can't resist.

The moon was big and yellow
As it shone upon the three
Upon the bridge that spanned the stream,
So silvery to see.

"It isn't right," the maiden said,
"Why not?" the man replied.
The maiden didn't answer him
He shook his head and sighed.

And yet, in spite of saying this,
The maiden was not shy,
For when he moved much nearer her
She breathed a little sigh.

And then . . . and then . . . I'm sorry but
That was the part I missed.
But he kissed one of the other two,
Do you think 'twas the catechist?

MARIANNE MACDONALD, 2F.

PHILOSOPHY

'Tis not my mark in French that gets me down,
'Tis not the fact my dad will fume and frown,
Forsooth 'tis but Miss Leech's parting shot,
She gypped herself to give me what I got!

SPORT AND CHARACTER

Sport is very rich in character building elements and therefore, should be included in every well-balanced diet. Sport builds character; character is man; men make nations; nations constitute the world.

Without sporting instinct, no individual can truly be called a man. If sporting instinct is lacking from the character of the individual a vital gap is left which nothing else can fill. Perhaps none of us can realize what a tribute it is to be called a "good sport."

Everyone, no matter what their circumstances, can be a participant in sport for it not purely a physical thing as most of us seem to think but has also a mental appeal. It bars none from its innumerable benefits.

Sport combats selfishness; develops co-operation, discipline and self restraint, and determination; all factors invaluable in pursuit of any career or profession. We have the influence of sport on health; in combating criminal ideas, pettiness and greed, which break down character health just as quickly as unwholesome food breaks down our physical resistance.

A person who includes sport in their diet, is, almost without exception, found to be able to receive the blows of outrageous fortune with equanimity; he is to be relied upon to do the fair thing in every situation; thus he wins for himself the popularity and respect we admire.

It is only fair to mention one undesirable element which presents itself—gambling. Gambling, which can use sport in a thousand ways to its own end, giving rise to many of the worst evils which are often attributed to the sport. However, for every bad element sport contains ten good ones. Certainly the health of all our characters would benefit from a liberal ration of it in the future.

(Excerpts from the PERROQUET.)

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W. H. STAFFEN
Artist

THE SAD FATE OF THE MAN WHO TRIED TO BE ORIGINAL

The poet was giving way to despair,
Gnashing his teeth and tearing his hair,
While glassier and glassier grew his wild stare,
As he grasped for something original.

He sat up for hours just scribbling short verse,
Writing out sonnets and ballads and worse,
But strive as he might, still muttering a curse,
They didn't seem very original.

His verses seemed sprinkled with Burns and with
Scott,
Those savoring of Keats he had quite a lot;
Though nice in their way, friends said they were not,
They were not—not—exactly original.

Till one fine morning he lost his right mind,
Replacing it with such a drivelling kind,
His friends were delighted at last to find—
He'd begun to be so original.

Behind bars of steel he wiles away time,
Babbling of moons in the quaintest of rhyme.
Of echoing bell and chattering chime.
He writes of green ghosts who cannot be seen,
The hooting of horns, and baking a bean,
And though no one knows just quite what they
mean,
Yet, they must admit, they're original!

—JOAN KEVAN, 4A.

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FARMS AND MOTORS

Often times I have heard the complaint that the motor car has taken the people from their farms and agricultural occupations. This may be so, but I know of one farmer who did his stooking with the direct aid of his Ford; when one stook was completed he drove on to the next collection of bundles, extricated himself and pitchfork from his car, and proceeded, according to Hoyle, to stook. In the United States the term "shocking" is used in place of "stooking." Be the first statement as it may, the farmer's job used to be keeping the nation's table supplied; now he supplies materials for industry. People worried a little while ago how the world would live when the natural resources were exhausted—the minerals and fuels that were laid down ages ago, the forests that took generations to mature. But today the annual produce of the fields provides a greater source of material than we had ever known before. Yesterday industry made vegetable wood and mineral wool; very soon it will be making vegetable glass and metal. Stockings are made of vegetable substance and dresses of wood fibre. Substitutes for rubber come from the cornfield. Motor cars are painted with soy beans. To make one million cars one enterprising company will purchase 3,200,000 pounds of wool; that quantity of wool will require 800,000 sheep to produce it. The numbers above quoted will give some idea of quantities required of items mentioned later and required in the motor car industry. The wool goes into upholstery, floor-coverings, lubricants and anti-rust preparations. From the cow: glues from hides, glues from milk, stearic acid, greases, glycerine, soap chips, and leather for upholstery. The hog: lard oil in lubricants, oleic acid and bristles for brushes. The goat: pile fabric called mohair. Bees: beeswax used in electrical embedding compounds. Cotton: every four door sedan uses 70 pounds of cotton—in tires, batting cloth, brake linings, battery box, timing gears and safety glass. Corn: butyl alcohol and starch. Flax: linseed oil. Sugar: furnishes 2,500,000 gallons of molasses from which comes solvents, anti-freeze and shock absorber fluids. Castor bean: castor oil for lacquers and artificial leathers. Jute, hemp, sisal, and manila fibre are used for carpet backing and ropes. Trees: boxes and paper board. Pitch pine: turpentine for solvents, paints and adhesives. Rubber trees: rubber which is used in approximately 203 parts of a car. Cork trees: cork. Tung trees: give tung oil (this may be one of the siccative oils.) This is a short summary of the ordinary materials produced on farms and used in motor car manufacture; there are many recently developed uses for the annual farm crop, which, from lack of space, cannot be mentioned.

MARY BUTLER, 3F.

SENIORS



A DEDICATION

The completion of this term will mark the severance of four years close connection with our Collegiate—years that have been fruitful in friendships, in the advance of knowledge, and in the expansion and melioration of our interests and character.

The future lies before us, open for conquest. Fortified by the imperishable spirit of "Alite Flamman," by our friendships and memories, we may challenge the beyond with confidence. We go forth, realizing the infinity of knowledge, and the paucity of our own wisdom, for

"All experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move."

Let us strive to our goal, true to our ideals, and with the desire

"To follow knowledge, like a sinking star
Beyond the utmost realm of human thought."

We are bound to succeed, if, in the words of Tennyson, we have resolved:

"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

GEORGE THOMSON, 4A.



J. TURNBULL



M. ANSLEY



C. SIMPSON



L. EAST



R. RESCH



H. JACKSON



M. MANN



W. ZAHARUK



G. MCGILL



L. GRANT



B. MATTHEWS



J. NEWBY



W. BROWN



M. AULD



J. RALSTON



G. THOMSON



M. PINKNEY



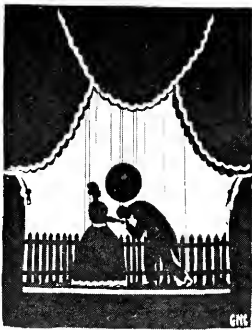
R. HARPER



L. CHURCH



M. ROBERTSON



E. MILLIGAN



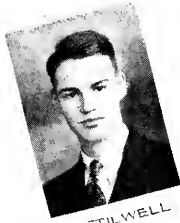
P. SALMOND



B. SCHWARTZFIELD



V. BYAM



K. STILWELL



M. FULLERTON

J. Fisher FORM 4A



D. BELL



T. BASTEDO



M. HENRY



D. MACLIN



J. BOGDEN



J. KEYAN



T. HANDEL



D. LANGKAIL



A. MINTZ



E. SZYSKY



A. THOMSON



C. YATES

4A

There is always a certain sadness, as well as triumph, in the completion of any enterprise extending over a long period of time, for to young people of high school age, four years is a long time. All of you have experienced the temptation to leave unfinished the task, to drop out of the race before the goal has been reached. Yet in spite of distractions, few of you have faltered. Now the race is run, the first milestone attained, and all that lies ahead is misty and alluring, but full of promise. In considering words of our Canadian poet, Archibald Lampman, suggest themselves:

Not to be conquered by these headlong days,
But to stand free; to keep the mind a-brood
On Life's deep meaning—Nature's altitude
Of loveliness, and Time's mysterious ways;
At every thought and deed to clear the haze
Out of our eyes, considering only this;
What man, what Life, what love, what beauty is;
This is to live, and win the final praise.

Be glad of Life! Because, as Henry Van Dyke has so well said: "It gives you the chance to love and to work, and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice."

The visions of youth are not sullied by suspicion and greed: keep them untarnished. They are the stuff of which great poets, artists, and statesmen are made. Visions are concerned with the future. Keep your minds fixed on a distant goal. Learn to know and love the books whose immortality has conquered Time. Take from the world about you all the beauty, the knowledge, the joy it can give you; but give back in return good measure, pressed down and running over. So only will you achieve happiness.

V. MACMILLAN.

WHO'S WHO IN 4A AND WHY

In introducing the members of 4A, all of whom have some claim to fame, we must give priority to the aged and feeble, so we will begin our thumbnail scratches with:

James Fisher, Esq. Despite the fact that Jim has been around Central for many, many years, he is still a boy at heart and his shrill laughter will probably ring out in 4A for a few more generations. Jim's real fame rests in his pompadour which will do all kinds of tricks. N.B. (by Fisher): 10 cents for first trick; 5 cents each additional trick.

Then we have **Don Lanskill** for whom we predict a happy future at Central. Even though Don doesn't quite "click"

with Mr. Lingard, he seems to be going places as a boxer, basketballer and track man.

Whenever there is a chalk fight in the south east corner of the room you can blame **Alex Thompson** and **John Bogden** for it, but there never is. Mooney is an all-round student but given time he may lengthen out a little. Johnny's middle name might well be "Solitude."

Pat Salmond is business manager of the Dramatic Club and seems to have a shine for mirrors. Pat may be good in French but Miss Leech doesn't seem to think so.

Rachael Resch and **Winnie Brown** seem to be able to keep the cover on the desk book as well as mark the attendance once in a while. Winnie is President of the Elgar Club, while Rachael also takes an active part in that organization.

Ada Mintz, **Bella Schwartzfeld** and **Dora Maclin** seem to know how to raise Mr. Oliver's wrath, anyway. Ada finds tap dancing easier than geometry.

Lorne Church is a member of the Lyric Trio (or maybe it's the Freshmen Quartet), but we won't hold that against him. Lorne isn't exactly brilliant, but he plods on, faithful to the last.

Margaret Fullerton and **Grace McGill** are conspicuous by their very quietness. This may be their way of catching up on lost sleep. Who knows?

Tillie Handel, the proud beauty of the Chem. Lab., takes a lively interest in history, or possibly we should use the past tense. Tillie now confines her efforts to being President of the Dramatic Club.

Mary Pinkney and **Joan Kevan** are both members of the Elgar Club. Mary also prides herself as being a Physics Lab. assistant, but then so is George Thomson.

Elsbeth Milligan (pronounced E-l-p-e-th) does her best to miss as many exams as possible. Her interests are aforementioned mirror and we are told the Annual.

Dave Spencer excels in rugby and track work and uses the latter to good advantage in running over to so-and-so's place.

Charlie Simpson is another track man who uses this ability to catch street cars (among other things). Charlie also runs around the school collecting money for the Annual.

Then there is that old flirt, "**Stonewall**" **Jackson**, who is always so glum. If you want history notes typed out you might make arrangements with Harold.

Lloyd Grant is another hard working and conscientious 4A student (ask Mr. McEachern). Lloyd also vies with Ed. Peart to see who can cut the 9 a.m. bell closest.

If a half dozen spares per day keep a student healthy, then **Jack Newby** and **Jack Turnbull** ought to be in fair condition.

Delta Bell is another of those people who are nuts over history. She also warbled her way into the Elgar Club.

Ed. Peart is one of 4A's actor students or rather, student actors. **Pat Salmond, Rachael Resch** and **Marg. Robertson** were the others in 4A's dramatic masterpiece.

George "Willie" Thomson specializes in opera and fascinates his fellow students as he softly moans one of Brahms's latest "hits" and directs an unseen orchestra with his pencil. Willie's other claim to fame is his little forehead curl. Otherwise George is normal, being Ed. of **PERROQUET** and one of the Annual staff, as well as treasurer of A.A.

Jean Ralston manages to fiddle around in the orchestra and in her spare time freely dispenses her boundless geometric knowledge.

Vic Byam, Reg. Harper and **Keith Stillwell** also help the string section of the orchestra. Keith did well therein.

Edgar Frank Bastedo is sometimes known as the "little shaver." He shows uncanny ability in literature and timing the bell with his 98c watch. (We learned this watch has been in the family for three generations).

Chrissie Yates is another Elgar Club member, while **Eleanor Szysky** specializes in basketball.

Elizabeth Alport is a hard worker, as they say, anyway she gave the Christmas concert a big hand, as well as planning the Wednesday p.m. meetings in the Auditorium.

Peg Ansley, Marion Henry and **Barbara Mathews** are always seen together. So what? They are all "fairly" quiet, which we believe denotes great intellectual powers or perhaps the opposite!

Margaret Robertson is another quiet "student" who is on the class executive. Her dimples are the cause of much jealousy among the fairer sex.

Wes Zaharuk warms a seat in 4A, but it isn't his fault!

To most of us **Lloyd East** seems to be always up in the air, but that's one of the disadvantages of being tall. Lloyd may be narrow but his interests are wide, being director of 4A's play and form salesman for the Annual.

Isobel Sheils is one of the quieter girls of the class, but that's neither here nor there as the man said, while searching for his soap in the bath.

Hastily, but not (you know the rest), we conclude with our President, **Murray Auld**. He is everybody's friend and is therefore, we fear, very downtrodden. However, Murray can laugh with the best of them. His favorite topic and hobby is the street car.

The above sketches are not meant to list everything 4A has done this year, but merely to give you a few of the little-known facts concerning the great men and women of the future. If we have missed anyone, they must be fairly normal, quiet and unassuming.



A. HEMSTREET



E. MAYER



B. DODKIN



E. HALBWACHS



L. TREISEN



P. GRAHAM



D. MCINTOSH



W. DAY



G. GORDON



A. MCRAE



C. HEAD



J. MCELROY



S. ABRAMS



R. BING



G. STEWART



B. NICKERSON



B. FLEWELLING



W. PETERSMEYER



D. CULLUM



H. ZIFFLE



D. MCGREGOR



J. STEPHEN



L. MACDONALD



P. CRINKANK



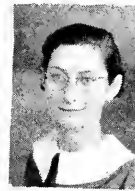
P. PERRY



FORM
4 B



B. WOOD



E. BELLAS



L. ASHFORD



R. BARLOW



E. WOOD



J. RING



B. STECKLEY



O. COPEMAN



H. SIMPSON



D. DOAN



M. TRIMBLE



B. THOM



K. KREUGER

For the past four years you have been engaged in the quest for culture amid circumstances that have rendered its attainment comparatively easy; but for the majority of you the time has now arrived when your efforts will have to be self-directed henceforth, and the progress made will depend entirely on the observance of proper intellectual habits. First and foremost among these comes reading.

Reading done with judgment and reflection is a veritable banquet for the mind. Ideas are served up to it like so many choice viands. They enter the mind as food does the stomach. They become part and parcel of the mind's substance. The reading of a good book restores the strength and vigor of the mind, just as food gives strength and vigor to the body.

By reading, too, we seed the mind. If our minds are to produce anything of their own they must first be sown like a field. The book contains the seed we wish to plant; the eye, like the sower's hands, scatters the seed in the mind; the attention we bring to our reading is the plowshare which opens up the furrows of the mind. When we have finished we have finished our reading, reflection covers the seed with earth, so that it can germinate and fructify.

Hence one resolution we ought to take with regard to our reading is this: "I will read only good books." When we sit down to our meals we expect to be served good fruits, not offal. When the farmer sows his broad acres he is careful to select only clean seed. We should imitate him in our reading. Let us have nothing to do with rotten fruit or noxious weeds of literature.

—E. C. McEACHERN.

FORM 4B

Ashford, Leone—"Her voice was ever gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman."

Abrams, Stan—Played Senior basketball, training for track team.

Arnall, Jack—Seldom seen, seldom heard.

Bellas, Esther—Don's inspiration in Literature periods.

Barlow, Ross—An outstanding rugby and basketball star.

Bing, Roy—"Bingsy Wingsy" to a 4B passion.

Cullum, Dorothy—"Grandma" does all right in sports.

Copeman, Geraldine—The voice of experience.

Cruickshank, Pat—Sports Editor of Perroquet and Annual.
Senior rugby and Junior track team star.

Davies, Yvonne—Our "Globe Trotter."

Doan, Dorothy—One of the stars on junior basketball team.

Day, Wilbert—The man with a million excuses.

- Edwards, Rex**—A "huge" standout of Senior rugby squad.
- Flewelling, Bernice**—Her hobby, 100% in exams.
- Graham, Peggy**—The very pineapple of politeness.
- Gordon, Gerald**—"Greater men than I have lived, but I doubt it."
- Godkin, Burton**—It's not "June in January" with him, but "Mae all year around."
- Head, Kay**—She has grown thin over hard whips at the collegiate.
- Halbwachs, Elsie**—Our prize Geometry student.
- Hemstreet, Alvin**—"The object of Miss MacMillan's affections."
- Kreuger, Kenneth**—A brilliant member from U.S.A.
- Mayer, Eileen**—When she sings the nightingale stops to listen.
- McDonald, Lou**—She barely manages to beat that last bell.
- McIntosh, Dan**—4B's gift to the ladies??
- McElroy, James**—Brilliant, budding biologist.
- MacGregor, Dave**—The blushing rugby player and track star of the form.
- Nickerson, Bill**—Lady Macbeth washed her hands in air, Willie washed his in nitric acid.
- Perry, Phyllis**—The absence of her smiling face is especially noticeable in history periods.
- Petersmeyer, Warren**—President of Students' Council and an ardent sportsman.
- Ring, Jack**—A star for Junior Dales rugby club.
- Stephen, Jeanne**—"Jeannie" to which of our dear teachers?
- Simpson, Helen**—Very quiet and unobtrusive. Aspires to be a nurse.
- Stewart, Shirley**—No wonder no one else can sell any advertising!
- Steckley, Burns**—A shy but prominent member of 4B.
- Storey, Rupert**—A collector of chalk and the occasional detention slip.
- Thom, Betty**—"Work and play don't mix, so why work?"
- Turnbull, Mabel**—Her motto: "Little girls should be seen and not heard."
- Trimble, Maurine**—Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow.
- Tanner, Albert**—A shining example of "our" intelligence.
- Treen, Lindsay**—He says "There's a cute little red-head in front of me."
- Trawich, Howard**—Our prize bowler—he gets a good many "spares."
- Wood, Ethel**—A friend to all.
- Wood, Bernice**—"Thou art not false, but thou art fickle."—Byron.
- Ziffle, Herbert**—A promising junior track man and Literature student.

REMEMBER:

The class has just completed Chaucer and the usual brooding silence hung over the form. When Miss MacMillan asked if there were any questions, one of our bright boys in all seriousness wanted to know, "Where was Mr. Bath?"

We found in reading Davies' poem, "Rich Days" (from one of the students) that the most remarkable thing in it was the gallons of wine hanging on the apple trees.

Several times we were entertained between periods with Wilbert's gramophone.

That 4B can claim the distinction of having one of the most novel form parties, won't be disputed. The boys wouldn't co-operate, so the girls had a hen-party, and everyone enjoyed themselves immensely.

Our judgment in choosing Warren Petersmeyer as our President was not mistaken as he was also chosen President of the Students' Council.

The 4B boys' basketball team reached the finals but were beaten there by 3D.

"The way to be nothing is to do nothing."

SIMPSONS

extends to Graduates and Students of the Central Collegiate Institute, Regina, congratulations on their record of the past year and wishes them every success in their future efforts.

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REGINA

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SASK.



D. BLYTH



E. WATKINS



P. FARNSWORTH



M. McLEOD



V. CHAMBERS



F. POWLEY



J. MUTCH



E. LEWIS



G. POTTS



I. MORRIS



V. FAULKNER



L. ETHELLES



J. REYNOLDS



G. HELM



M. LOWTHIAN



L. POTTS



F. THOMSON



A. ALLAN



M. NEIL



G. CHILD



V. HOOKER



T. LARKIN



H. MCKEE



I. FANNING



D. STEVENSON



N. KLIMAN



E. DORISZ



I. FOWLER



M. MACKENZIE



D. WHYTE



D. MATTHEWS



M. OARDINER



N. POWELL



B. BUCKLEY



G. MASON



E. BRANDON



H. QUIRING



M. MENZIES



M. FOSTER



J. ROBINSON



A. PAULL

FORM
4C

4C

VALEDICTORY TO 4C—1934-35

Again the time has come round to say farewell to another 4C class. In these continued times of difficulty it is not so easy just to say best wishes and God speed to you, when I know that my own generation so far has contributed little to the solution of problems which make the difficulties of young people going out into life much more complex than they used to be. But, knowing that 4C of 1934-35 has maintained the tradition of previous years and has more than contributed its share of direction, activity and scholarship to the internal history of R.C.I., I am assured that you individually will give a good account of yourselves, as you go out to live and work and struggle—for struggle is inevitable. And my wish is that the future for you may be brighter than the present indicates, and that the courage which is always an attribute of youth may carry you on your way in doing your share of improving or reshaping this old world, and especially our country, in whatever sphere, great or small, you find your lot is cast. May you carry with you Masefield's song of courage:

“Laugh and be merry, remember, better the world with a song,
Better the world with a blow in the teeth of the wrong.
Laugh, for the time is brief, a thread the length of a span.
Laugh and be proud to belong to the old proud pageant
of man.”

—J. E. R. DOXSEE.

4C FORM NEWS

Members of 4C's Dramatic Club this year attempted a rather difficult task in James Barrie's unfinished mystery drama entitled “Shall We Join the Ladies.” The cast of the play included fifteen persons. J. Lyman Potts was in his element, playing the part of the host, Sam Smith, who rather fancies that he is quite capable of solving the mystery of his brother's murder. Marg Lowthian, as Lady Jane Wray, returns her engagement ring in a way that would squelch the most ardent suitor. Angus Allan, as the very English, Sir Joseph Wrathie, raises his stentorian voice to excellent advantage enjoying himself immensely the while.

The form was represented in girls' and boys' interform basketball, and the boys had a hockey team which—well, they tried hard, anyway!

And so, as we entered upon these last few weeks of school, for better or for worse, it was with mingled feelings that we had our last collegiate days. We wonder, as all seniors in the past have, how the school will get along without us when we have left. Will 4C still echo with laughter that equals that of Geiny Harder, will they still laugh at the jokes of some successor to Lyman Potts, will they still break all records as Noel has done? We wonder . . .

4C PERSONNEL

"Alas, regardless of their doom, the little victims play."

Angus Allan—Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness.

Dave Blyth—If you see some big footprints on the sands of time,
you'll know they're mine.

Esther Brandon—The only thing I wish to know is, why, and
when, and where.

Bill Buckley—Not that I study less, but I like fun more.

Spencer Caulder—He never yet no vileinye ne sayde.

Viola Chambers—And looks delightfully with all her might.

Georgie Child—To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

Edmund Dorosz—Full of sound and fury signifying nothing.

Lily Etchells—That of hir smylyng was ful symple and coy.

Pat Farnsworth—A sight to dream of, not to tell.

Ida Fanning—Such a busybody—we wonder what she does.

Violet Faulkner—Vi is small, but she's wise, she's a terror for
her size.

Myrtle Foster—Although I'm not as big as you, you're not
as small as I.

Iris Fowler—Hair fair, eyes blue, we like her, you would too.

Mary Gardiner—A golden halo hovering round a gamin grin.

Marie Gifford—Her youth is full of foolish noise.

Grace Helm—She stoops to conquer and to go through doors.

Virginia Hooker—Beauty is its own excuse for being.

Norman Kliman—Business before pleasure, when no pleasure
tempts.

Terence Larkin—I dare not smile upon the damsels—'twould
break too many hearts.

Margaret Lowthian—There was a soft and pensive grace, a
cast of thought upon her face.

Ethel Lewis—One who never turned her back, but marched
straight forward.

Mary Mackenzie—Quiet in appearance with motives unknown.

Mary McLeod—If studies were a basketball game, then
she would have a name of fame.

Harvey McKee—Lowly and meek in spirit, passionately
enduring all things.

Gordon Mason—You don't understand or care to understand
my art.

Dick Matthews—All great men are dying, and I'm not feeling
very well.

Mary Menzies—So buxom, blythe and debonair.

Tom Mugleston—The will to do, the soul to dare.

John Mutch—I am the answer to the maiden's prayer.

Maxine Neil—School, she loved, but love laughed to scorn.

Alan Paull—A brave man struggling with the storms of fate,
and greatly falling with a falling state.

Lyman Potts—There may be greater men than I, but I don't
believe it.

Gerald Potts—A man with a purpose but what is it?

Noel Powell—Great Poets are Browning, Tennyson and I.

Florence Powley—Age cannot wither her nor custom stale
her infinite variety.

Helen Quiring—Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low.

Jack Reynolds—I'm a pretty boy, and a great favorite with
the ladies.

Herbert Riddell—I came, I saw, I . . . ? Maybe.

Janet Robinson—Her warbling voice a lyre of wildest range.

Dorothy Stevenson—Full many a flower is born to blush unseen.

Frances Thomson—Thou hast a tongue, come, let's hear its tune.

Eleanor Watkins—Work fascinates me. I love to look at it.

Donald Whyte—My only books were maiden's looks and
folly's all they've taught me.

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FORM 4D



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D. GALLOWAY



C. RIDGEWAY



L. MAYWOOD



G. BURNETT



R. CANHAM

Life is an experiment or, perhaps, we should say—one long series of experiments. We are, forever, testing ourselves to see what stuff we are made of; what we are capable of doing and of being.

Collegiate days are experimental days. Four years ago you arrived at the threshold of Central—materials for experiment. Most of you brought ambition, a will to learn, a thirst for knowledge. Some came with prejudices and preconceived notions. Others held convictions about this or that. These have been *tested* in different ways and those which have been shown to be of baser stuff have been eliminated.

During your student days at Central more than one *explosion* has occurred—not always in the laboratories. A bit of “Blowing up” has sometimes happened when some raw material has not reacted in an orthodox manner to the “laws and principles” of the institution. These, however, have been but the “detour signals” pointing the way of safety around danger spots.

You, who are soon to be numbered among Central’s graduates, have been subjected to the “*acid test*” and your “mettle” has been proven good. You have been *weighed in the balance* and few, indeed, were found wanting. Your intelligence and educational development have made a favorable showing when *measured*, not by a micrometer caliper, but rather by the keen discernment of an alert staff and student body. Experiment involved *comparison*. When compared with their fellow students, Class 4D have held their own in matters of scholarship, athletics, dramatics, and various other student activities. Laboratory experiments are not always wholly pleasant, but, as a disagreeable odor is soon forgotten, so also will the memory of late-slips, detentions, and the like soon pass into oblivion.

Your days of experiment are not now over. Each new undertaking will bring with it problems which must be solved, experimentally. Probably at no time in human history has society been faced with problems more urgently demanding solution or offered greater opportunity for service to trained leaders. It is our sincere hope that, as a result of the four years spent among us, you will go forth to carry on Life’s Experiment with a mind the better equipped with a spectroscopic power of analysis, a telescopic breadth of vision, and a balance of judgment not easily disturbed by prejudice or personal interest.

T. W. HUNT.

THE 4D GANGSTERS

A Farce in Four Acts

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

Mr. Hunt—The hero Sherlock—he tries to suppress the gangsters, for they spot his walls and chalk his floors.

Adelle Saigeon—The heroine—Desk-book Delia—the secretary who does her best to help Mr. Hunt.

Cyril Ridgeway—The villain—Chalk-eye Cy, leader and ammunition king of the 4D gangsters.

Garth Burnett—"Shag"—one of the Chalk-eye Cy's henchmen—because he's a halfpint.

Bob Clyde—"Stooge"—when he's not sleeping he's at the gangsters' hangout, the tea-room.

Harvey Williams—Haughty Harvey—the wit of the organization—the grinning thinker?

Reg. McNally—"Sheik"—the good-looking farmer—the gangsters' go-between.

Harold Pawson—"Puss"—sits at the gangsters' council meetings, he's the president of the gangsters.

Hector Whitton—"Flashy Heck"—a gangsters' man, but oh, how the women go for him!

Betty Gemmill, Frances Flock, Betty Whyte, Margaret Croome—A few of Heck's big moments—short and sweet!

Gordon Cooke—A burly policeman who is really a good skate.

Charley Card—"Flatfoot"—another tough copper—(that's what he thinks).

Lloyd Maywood—"General"—aids Sherlock in his clean-up campaign.

Albert Sidler—"Hitler"—says the right thing at the wrong time.

Douglas Galloway—"Dreamy Doug"—Just a ladies' man—he laughs at the gangsters.

Lloyd Dunn—"Red"—a great big tough guy—official bouncer for the gangsters.

Douglas Baker—"Bruno"—he's the gangsters' cradle-snatcher—those babies go for him.

Bob McGill—"Slicker"—his blue eyes and fair hair deceive the police but we know better.

Harold Kay—"Oscar" the Boy Sprout who tries to keep the gangsters straight.

Glen Cook—"Smarty"—he thinks he's the brains of the gangsters but nobody else does.

Doris Bancroft, Ella Seibel, Neola Runnals, Thora Phillips—Four nice girls who like the straight and narrow path and have nothing to do with the gangsters.

John Clarke, Arthur Wenhardt—Two farmers who got into the 4D gangsters by mistake.

Celeste Schnurr, Armand Saltman—A couple of brainy guys. How do they get that way?

Nancy Carpenter—The gangsters' lady lawyer. And vice president. Can she argue a feeble case!

Ruth Hodgkins—The official talker of the gangsters—note-writing is her side-line.

Marey Gorback—"Gory Moreback", a mean chalk-thrower—and there he grins!

Bernard Dawe—"Pee Wee"—the blushing gangster.

Earl Rickard—He doesn't say much but we're not saying what he thinks!

Muriel Horne—Can't be blamed for the gangsters.

Joan Caudwell—She gets there too late.

Ralph Canham—Pearl's brother—some people sure are lucky—we wish we had pull around the office.

Abraham Berezever, Ferdina Brown, Jean Rowley—Abie and the girls are out of the "do"—they aren't here enough.

Nick Albulets—The first gangster in a long line of Albulets—however, there are more in the family coming up.

Len White—I guess Len doesn't like the gangsters for he's seldom at school.

Emil Nagel—Another gangster stooge—he sits at the back where the shooting is good.

Bruce Christenson—Good old "Swede" the studious gangster.

Norman Thompson—The 4D dandy boy. What a walk he has!

ACT I.

The 4D gangsters show their real mettle when it comes to selling. They won a box of chocolate bars for selling the most tickets for the Christmas concert. It's a pity some of the leading gangsters haven't more manners. More than a few of them had three or four bars each while we others were content with one.

The gangsters certainly know how to dress. Before Christmas they had a bow tie day. You should have seen some of the numbers. Our eyes were sore for weeks after. Cy's was the worst; it was orange and red!

ACT II.

THE GANGSTERS' BRAWL:

The gangsters had a get-together before Christmas. They carted their skates to the lake, where they applied them in a fog. When they had reached the right degree of freezing, they returned to the Collegiate sewing room to thaw out. This was performed by the aid of dancing and refreshments.

ACT III.

DRAMATICS:

The scene is laid in the Collegiate auditorium. Before a packed house, several of the gangsters demonstrate their dramatic skill by a one-act play "The Grill." The director was Betty Whyte, and the cast was as follows:

The detective—Ross Sneath.

His wife—Betty Gemmill.

The maid—Frances Flock.

The policeman—Charlie Card.

The second play put on by the gangsters was "Good Medicine," directed by Thora Phillips. This play starred John Clarke as Doctor Graves, Margaret Croome as his wife, and Joan Caudwell as the wealthy patient, Hetty Sage.

Although neither play reached the finals, they were well enacted and well received.

ACT IV.

4D SPORTS—SCENE I:

Rat-tat-tat-tat; a sharp tattoo of shots breaks the still air on the north end of the Central Campus, a whistle blows, panting, heaving, fighting sounds are heard. The gangsters are in their glory, in battle. The battlefield is Central's rink and their opponents are a determined bunch of 3A punks. Again, and again Goreback turns aside the hail of rubber. Alas for 3A, the gangsters press with ever increasing strength, speed and cunning. The score mounts up. A shrill whistle. The game is over and the 4D gangsters are senior interform hockey champs . . . "Yea 4D."

The mob who took 3A for a ride were Morey Goreback, goal; Ralph Canham, Doug. Baker, Albert Sidler, Bob McGill, Shag. Burnett, Harold Kay, Red Dunn, Harve Williams, Arthur Wenhardt.

SCENE II:

The gangsters, although one of the strong teams in the league, were not so successful in basketball, but made a showing to be proud of.

The Central Junior Rugby squad was also bolstered by two members of 4D. Bud "Shag" Burnett, one of the most deadly tacklers in the league, and Ralph Canham, a star plunger, and one of the best men on the team.

Track and field did not seem to have a place in 4D and at the field meet last fall we managed to collect four small points.

The molls of the room left it to the boys alone to make 4D prominent in sports, and as usual, the gangsters came through with the goods.

The members of the basketball team were: Arthur Wenhardt, Armand Saltman, Doug. Baker, Bob McGill, Earl Rickard and Al. Sidler.

HA, HA, OH, HA, HA

My sympathy flows to those sissified saps
Who cringe and who shrink from a splendid relapse;
Who gargle with aspirins and swallow their dope,
In the selfish, misguided, and cynical hope,
That the microbes of grippe which buzz in their head,
Will give up the ghost and be hopelessly dead!

Oh the ice on the fern and the feverish brow;
And the bronchial tubes that moo like a cow!
Are symptoms which only a man may endure.
Such chaps have alas become fewer and fewer!

Tra la la! tra la la! oh it must be confessed,
There is nothing so fine for the galloping chest,
As a nice mustard plaster, all frothy and hot,
And the chances are par, it will kill you as not.
Tra la la! for the cough and the trembling lip
When the temp'rature rises with gusto and zip.

And in closing I'd say (for it needs must be told)
There's nothing I hate quite so much as a cold!—G. W. T.

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M. CULBERT



M. SHARP



C. LOZASKIE



A. ASHFORD



H. ORR

Four years ago you came to Central to embark on a new and important period in your life. You had many hopes and aspirations. Some of them have been realized, some have been discarded for new and better ones. You have faced difficulties, which, when conquered, seemed trivial, only to meet new ones next year. For four years you have counted time as, "Since I was in First year"; tomorrow it will be "Since I graduated from Central." What will it be four years hence? I hope that you will have made further progress, and taken another step up the ladder of success.

Today you are anxious to finish and move on to new fields. Tomorrow you will be in these new fields and looking back to your four years here. I hope they will be recalled with pleasure, and be one of the most wonderful of all the milestones in your life. As you recall this last year in Central may the associations and friends made in 4F rank high in your memory's treasures.

Best wishes to you all for continued success, health, and happiness.

"Tis the front towards life that matters most—
The tone, . . . the point of view,
The constancy that in defeat
Remains untouched, and true."

—W. E. PERKINS.

Dear Reader:

This drama involves no triangle but the play's the thing. In order to solve the problem one must consider many angles of our theorems.

Yours geometrically,

A STUDENT, 4F.

P.S. Do not take this tri-all perpendicularly because there was no geometry book stolen.

Scene

In a horizontal courtroom of the R.C.C.I. Penthouse.

The judge is the Honourable Mr. Perkins. The jury consists of Pat Andrew, Bill Aitken, Jean Ferguson, Mae Williams, Ardyce Ashford, Arlie Campbell, Frank Black, Jim Glassford, Mary Cunningham, Madeline Ray, Margaret Porter, Malcolm Sharpe.

His Honour Judge Perkins ascends through the skylight by means of angles of elevation. His Honour, with a pound of his ruler: "The Court is now in session to seek a true confession; but before the case proceeds will each crook please take a front seat and leave all at ease."

"Dicky" Dewson: "Will witnesses come forward and swear that their parallelograms are on the square." And with a pointed look at Lawrence "Bushy" Hazelton, Harold Van Lowen, Jean Strayer, Louise Deacon, and Lillian Robb, they immediately line up to answer the "whys" of District Attorney Scythes.

The court is interrupted with Sam Homer shouting, "Fresh peanuts, raisins, chewing gum and chocolate bars."

The District Attorney calls "Bushy" Hazelton to the stand.

"Bushy": "I refuse to talk before consulting my lawyer, Bob Leavitt."

Bob: "Your Honour, according to axioms on page 209, question 10, witness representing X could not be guilty."

Judge: "Witness dismissed."

"Next witness. Jean Strayer take the stand," yells Frederick "Firsh" Mason, Barrister at Law, for the witness.

"Firsh": "Will you please tell the court where you were when the geometry text supposedly disappeared?"

Jean: "Catherine Ross, Elizabeth McHattie, Patsy Greenaway, Mary Culbert and myself were holding up the radiator."

Judge: "Thank you, Jean, that is all."

Harold Van Lowen takes the chair.

District Attorney: "Just where were you on Monday, April 1st, after four?"

Van Lowen: "Who? Me! I was with J. Everette Young, Alton King, Leslie Waller and Camille Bonseignor. We were listening to Vic Staniky's propaganda."

His Honour: "Yes, of course, very interesting, that is enough."

Judge: "Miss Deacon, will you take the stand to account for your whereabouts."

"Deac": "Some of us girls were debating whether the way to a man's heart was through his stomach. Ask Lawyer Henderson if this statement isn't true."

Judge: "I believe the other young ladies who were in on this conversation were: Hazel Gee, Myrtle Moore and Marie Craig. Now what was their decision on the matter?"

"Deac": "Oh! Judge!!"

Ken Campbell, the "newshound," receives permission to take a picture of the Court stenographers, who are Evelyn Froome and Ada Duckett, while George King, his rival "newsie," takes a picture of the witnesses.

Lillian Robb very easily takes the stand.

District Attorney: "I understand you are taking the stand for Marjorie Spiker, Irene Matlock, Ruth Isman and Grace Yates."

Lil: "Oui! Oui! I was giving the girls a lesson or two on how to speak French."

Frank "Banker" Black, foreman of the jury: "Hm! Hm! Judge, I do not quite understand the point, for all these witnesses. We are no closer to the point than when we started the problem."

Judge Perkins: "Right, you are right, my boy, very right, indeed. But that is our purpose to prove the innocence of the 4F studes."

Our star witness, Mr. Scrimgeour. All eyes are focused on Mr. Scrimgeour as he enters with a very guilty looking countenance.

Judge: "Will you please take the stand, and tell us your part in this scandalous affair."

Mr. Seringeour:

"Your Honour, I am guilty
That I must confess;
But who would be so silly
To spoil their Happiness;
Geometry is on their mind,
Morning, noon and night,
And, so, I took it in my hands
To relieve them of their plight."

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THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL

The representative body in the government of the school marked this year a red letter year in the history of Central reforms. Guided by the advice of Mr. MacMurchy and Mr. Robertson, the Students' Council, with a membership of the presidents of all school organizations, has become a respected and powerful society in the jurisdiction of student activities at Central Collegiate.

Battling the adverse conditions of one of the worst years of the depression the Students' Council equalled and surpassed its splendid achievements of last year. The Council was solely responsible for the outdoor skating rink, constructed this year, which promises future winter sport at no additional expense. It was due to the Council's support that the publication of the Annual and the PERROQUET was assured, that sport magazines and other favorites not ordinarily advised by the faculty appeared in the library, and morally that all dances were sponsored and that the Christmas concert was a success. A special award, the "Students' Council Award," was originated this year to recompense those students who engaged in all school activities but specialized in none. On the demand of a school crest, energetic students submitted willingly various designs, one of which was chosen by the Council to be sold at a diminutive sum. To further engender school spirit the Students' Council with the co-operation of the athletic association produced a snappy new school yell. The loss of the club periods was made up by special meetings sponsored by the Council. This was a marked advancement for it elucidated the principles of the Students' Council and overcame the obstacle of misunderstanding which had previously existed between the Students' Council and the student body it serves. Thus it may truly be said, "Vox concilii, vox studentium" and this voice has done much to better the conditions existing in Central before its resurrection.

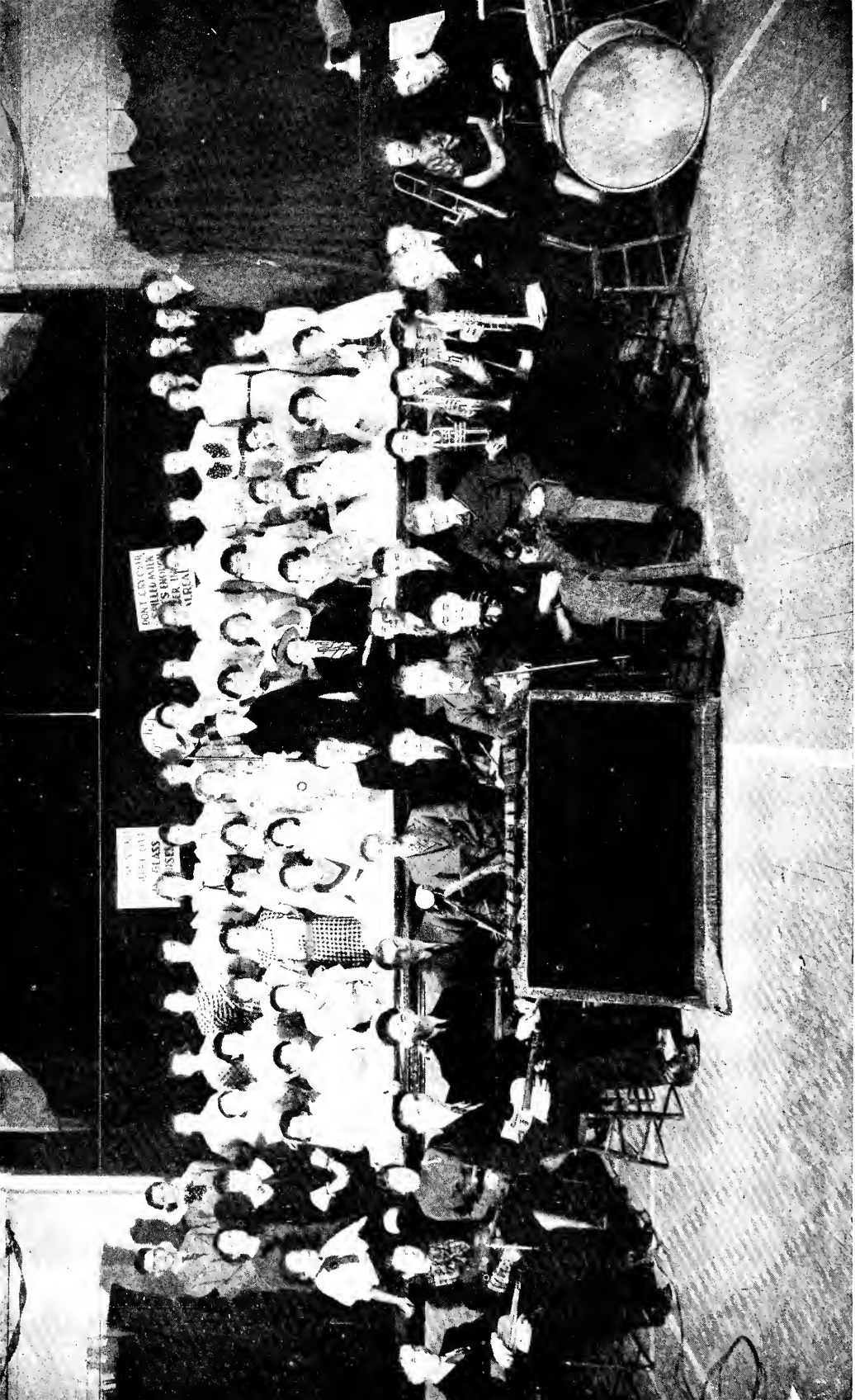
GEORGE WITHROW,
Secretary.

DRAMATIC CLUB (Top Picture)

Back Row—J. Finkle, P. Cowan, E. Stock, E. Dolan, B. Collier.
Seated—L. Potts, B. Flewelling, T. Handel, F. Powley, P. Salmond.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL (Lower Picture)

Back Row—J. Bing, T. Green, B. Lennox, J. Williams, J. Donahue, D. McEwen, J. Scott, J. L. Potts, S. Hopkins, M. Auld.
Middle Row—S. Brett, P. Burrows, M. Gardiner, R. Chinn, Mr. D. S. McMurchy, Mr. R. W. W. Robertson, R. Salmond, H. Herbison, L. Deacon, T. Handel.
Seated—G. Thomson, O. Demchuk, F. Thomson, G. Withrow, W. Petersmeyer (President), N. Powell, D. Cullum, A. Wilson, B. Ralston.



The Perroquet

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JUNE, 1935

No. 99

GALA EVENTS

COMMENCEMENT

Central's Twenty-sixth Commencement was held October 26th at the Darke Hall, with Mr. C. E. Little as Chairman.

The Valedictory address was given by Gordon Robertson, winner of the Governor-General's medal, which was presented by Hon. W. J. Estey, the guest speaker of the evening.

Awards were presented by Hon. W. J. Estey, Mr. M. J. Coldwell, Dr. Lloyd Brown, Mr. Henry Black, Dr. W. M. Blair, and Messrs. Scrimgeour and Campbell, staff representatives.

Orchestral selections and songs were presented by the school orchestra and Elgar Club, led by Mr. R. Staples. Other entertainment was under the supervision of Miss Tingley and Miss Wheatley, and Messrs. Myatt and Griffin. Assisting artists were Kenneth Allan, Ross MacRae, Daisy and Lillian Geisinger and Phyllis Burrows.

Major awards were presented to Gordon Robertson, Jean Bradd, Isobel Hutcheson, Noel Powell, Percy Larter and Elaine McLeod.

THE ORCHESTRA

The Collegiate Orchestra organized early in the fall term to prepare for Commencement. Following they played for the Christmas Concert. They also played twice on radio programmes and accompanied the Elgar Club operetta.

The personnel of the orchestra under the direction of Mr. Staples is:

| | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1st Fiddles | 2nd Fiddles |
| Wm. Homenuk | Jim Williams |
| J. Bronstone | S. Gitterman |
| P. Switzer | R. Harper |
| J. Ralston | K. Stillwell |
| B. Peters | J. Smith |
| I. Fanning | M. Botham |
| Clarinet | Flute |
| J. Newby | J. Resch |
| Drums | Trombone |
| R. Sneath | G. Wetzstein |
| Trumpets | Cello |
| R. McRae | R. Resch |
| D. Craddock | Piano |
| I. Partridge | P. Greenaway |
| R. Wetzstein | |

The orchestra did not go to Winnipeg this year to defend their Western Canada H.S. Orchestra Cup, won at Easter 1934.

THE CHRISTMAS CONCERT

Someone has said, "Variety is the spice of life," and that, alone, would put Central's Christmas Concert in the "spicy" class.

The first section of the programme, "Old English," provided the Christmas atmosphere. The setting was an old English Christmas Eve, when the whole household gathered to dance, sing, and be entertained by the wandering minstrel players.

The miracle play which was presented was "Herod and the Slaughter of the Innocents," after which the ever popular Christmas Carols were sung.

"A Comedy of Eggs," a short skit, showed us just a few of the domestic difficulties which poor Henry VIII experienced.

"Macnamara's Band," after the quiet (?) domestic scene rather livened things up with the melodious blares and howls from the tin horns and the clattering tins.

"The Globe Theatre, London," by 3A, showed us the difficulties of a director. Poor Lady MacBeth had such difficulty in getting that spot out to the satisfaction of the director.

The next number took place in Regina's exclusive night club, "The Night Owl," with Rosie MacRae's orchestra broadcasting the latest in songs and soloists.

The concert was attended by capacity crowds on each of the three performances and was voted the best in years. The proceeds were divided between the School Activities Fund and the Leader-Post Cheer Fund.

CLUBS TRIUMPH!

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

Dramatic Club Elections entrusted the season's functions to an able executive.

Advisor—Miss MacMillan (donor of cup).

President—Tillie Handel.

Vice President—B. Flewelling.

Secretary—F. Powley.

Business Manager—P. Salmond.

Publicity—Lyman Potts.

After witnessing eleven presentations by 3rd and 4th year forms, Miss Cathro, Miss Leech, and Mr. Chapman selected:

"The Invisible Duke"—3A.

"Grandma Pulls the Strings"—3A.

"Shall We Join the Ladies?"—4C, as the best of the season. These were presented on the final night before Miss D. Sheldon-Williams and Mrs. C. L. Parker. "Grandma Pulls the Strings" took the cup with a mark of 92%. It was an excellent performance of an excellent play.

Miss Eleanor Dolan received the prize as best actress of the year, and Mr. Murray Westgate as best actor. Both turned in first class, whole-hearted performances.

The season was closed with the celebration of a Pink Tea at which flowers were presented to Miss Cathro in recognition of her able assistance to the club since its organization.

THE ELGAR CLUB

The girls' singing society reorganized early in October under the following officers:

President—W. Brown.

Vice President—E. Brandon.

Secretary—R. Resch.

Treasurer—M. Menzies.

Librarians—M. Pinkney and J. Kevan.

Director—Mr. Staples.

The annual tea was held in November with the theme of a "Song Tea." Each table represented a song. Music and refreshment were served in equal undiluted doses.

Another operetta was presented this year, "The Rivals," and was

voted a great success by all. Leading parts were taken by W. Brown and E. Mayer and others. The orchestra assisted.

To close the season a party was held April 18th. Contests followed by dancing filled a happy evening. Robbie's Revellers created the sound effects, and novelties and refreshments filled an important part of the evening.

CAMERA CLUB

The first meeting of the year saw a new executive chosen with Lloyd Maywood as president, Gordon Blair as vice president, and Maida Buckle as the hard-working secretary. At this same meeting it was also decided that since the club still contained most of its last year members, no explanation of developing or printing would be necessary, because that had been demonstrated last year.

With this in mind, the members were asked to do most of their work on their own, in order to increase their own ability at this most interesting hobby. Many of the members did so, greatly to their own benefit.

Due to the individual work which was done, the club did not hold many meetings during the year. Of course, during the winter it was hard to do any outside work or to hold any hikes, but it is hoped to do so in the spring. Then the members can go farther afield, and obtain many more interesting subjects for their pictures. They hold numerous hikes when weather conditions permit.

Photography, merely as a hobby, is a thing which has proved of great interest to all the members.

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BIOLOGY

"Oh! You cruel thing, OOOooooo the poor pig."

Such remarks were to be heard issuing from a group of much interested students. Some faces expressed horror at the sight before them, while others showed an exciting eagerness. Upon examining what the centre of attraction is, we find a guinea-pig on its back and the students intently studying the motions of the heart and examining the workings of the "insides." A cat also met the same fate when it found its way into the Biology Lab. Sometimes the chloroform did not do its work thoroughly and a slight twitching of the animal would send some of our dauntless youth scurrying into the next room with an amiable excuse, while the weaker sex stuck to their prodding knives.

Every Thursday afternoon had something new in store for the students. First they learned what a microscope was, and how to operate it, how to make slides and examine them. The Amoeba and Paramecium caught the quick eyes of the students.

Numerous experiments in Botany were performed by individual members. Dissection proved very interesting, and victims ranged from the earthworm to the frog and live specimens including cat and pig.

A trip to the museum proved very popular, where Mr. F. Bard gave a lecture on birds.

The students worked under the instructions of Vic. Stanicky and Grace Yates, with the willing and always helpful aid of Mr. Hunt.

Thus the knowledge of the microscope and practical work with slides and dissection should bring forth some noteworthy research specialists, doctors and nurses.

A record was set this year, and the challenge of last year's club was accepted. With the closing of a successful year the challenge is passed along to next year's club, to keep up the good work.

The Annual, on behalf of the School, wishes to extend congratula-

tions to Harold Rasmussen and Gerald Gordon. Both were honored at school functions. Harold won a scholarship in the Fisher Body Coach Building Contest, while Gerald saved a person from drowning at a summer resort.

THE PERROQUET

The year 1934-35 saw the second volume of our school paper, "The Perroquet." The Students' Council again sponsored its operation, and an editorial staff with George Thomson as Editor-in-Chief, was chosen. A financial innovation was brought into effect which doubtless pleased the Scotch members of the School, in that each edition was issued free to the students, the cost of production being covered by a grant from the School Board, Students' Council and advertisements.

Four editions were issued on this basis, characterized by excellent literary write-ups and outstandingly well written features. There was unfortunately, a noticeable lack of interest by the majority of the student body, in the matter of contributions.

In the coming year, it is to be hoped that the students will better appreciate a school paper and make it excel the ones which have passed.

ORATORY

This year Central's budding Orators made themselves a record. From the eight contestants in the School Eliminations, Gordon Blair, of 3D, went on to win the Regina I.O.D.E. Public Speaking Contest, and bring to Central its first oratorical cup in many years. Gordon's topic was "The League of Nations."

Marvin Wasserman, of 3F, placed second in School Eliminations and represented Central in the Bryant Contest. Though not as successful as Gordon Blair, he left a good impression of Central's ability with the judges.

In the School Eliminations the contestants were Gordon Blair, Marvin Wasserman, Phillip Perry, Bob Mitchell, Lloyd East, Eddie Stock, Harold Hyman, Abe Berezever.



ISOBEL HUTCHESON

ELSIE SCHICK

THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL AWARD

A pin known as the Students' Council Award, is presented to the student who has expended the most energy in various school activities, including work for the Students' Council. Although the interest taken in school activities is the primary concern, the qualities of the student regarding leadership, sportsmanship and general affability are considered. This award is not confined to one student although only Seniors are eligible. Near the end of the spring term the Fourth Year students assemble to nominate by ballot the student whom they consider most worthy of the award. This does not ban additional nominations by the Students' Council, with whom the final decision rests uninfluenced by staff advisors. The president of the Students' Council makes this presentation at Commencement.

The award was originated in 1934 to express the appreciation of the school to two of last year's graduates, Isobel Hutcheson and Elsie Schick. The latter was president of 4C and she represented Fourth Year on the Students' Council executive; she played junior basketball, took a leading part in the Dramatic Club and also worked on the staff of YE FLAME. Isobel Hutcheson, winner of the other award, was editor of the Perroquet and Editor-in-Chief of last year's YE FLAME. She also won the Senior chemistry award and the Gyro Club medal.

For such unselfish, unsparing work the Students' Council award is given with appreciation and gratitude.

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THIRD YEAR



DEDICATION

The last leaves have folded to close another term of school life, a volume of memories that will be ever more cherished than the best of dramatic literature, for we have acted each chapter.

We have learned that the significance of becoming a Senior is not the name alone but the privileges one enjoys as such. We started to undertake responsibilities, to be examples to the Junior grades, to be organizers in school projects, filling positions not conceivable last year; to be the nucleus of the galaxy of school activities. Our outstanding accomplishments, our misunderstood pleasure made third year life a coveted treasure.

To us the first Senior year has revealed the world in a new perspective. The glimmer fades; realities loom up. We have come to the realization that there is a practical world. It will not all be easy going. We have met hardships in the past and expect to meet them in the future.

Finishing third year we stand upon the threshold of the door that leads to the world and its ways. Some of us will go farther in this school of learning, others on whom fickle fortune has not smiled will not return. Surely all having climbed thus far will not cease learning, living, and liking life.

3A

3A ORGANIZATION

President—Eddie Stock.

Vice President—Frank Auld.

Secretary—Hazel Barbour.

Literary Field

3A sank deep into the seas of literature and intellectualism this year:

(a) ORATORY—Stock and Hyman threw their voices and hands into the Bryant eliminations and upheld 3A's claim to forensic ability.

(b) DRAMA—Blow, bugle, blow—3A scores again—unparalleled in the history of the Dramatic Club: one form, third year at that, entered two plays and both reached the finals. "Grandma Pulls the Strings," directed by Ed. Stock, came first, and "The Invisible Duke," directed by Harold A. Hyman, placed second. Eleanor Dolan won the individual award given by the Little Theatre in her portrayal as "Grandma" in the first play and Murray Westgate won the boys' award, acting as "Nekko" in the second play. "If you should chance to pass our way," look in and observe Miss MacMillan's Cup adorning our room.

Social

The hydra-headed monster of boredom was warded off this Christmas; Johnny Williams played the perfect host at a form party at his house, where we gathered after viewing a show at the Rex. Mr. Clark made a "pretty" Santa Claus (should have seen his "Hop It" in a solo dance)—Ed. Stock "twanged" the form into spirit of the party with his banjo, and the grub, Boy! It sure was O.K., and in some cases of overfeeding, was K.O.

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3B

SHADOWS

There are shadows on the blackboard—big shadows, little shadows, frilly, frolicking, tragic, drooping shadows. Shadows—the blurred, hazy outline of a year's work and a year's harvest. All shadows speak, they laugh, they joke, they cry. Shadows tell the story of form activity. They show the shadowy picture of the dissipated physiognomies haranguing to a phalanx of shadowy grey.

Come with us to 3B, the form with form, to witness a shadow play. The usher, Mr. Oliver, amiability personified, will show you to your seat to witness that colossal news retrospect "The Waste of Time." The lights fade to dimness, a hush comes over the audience, the curtains part, and here is the first flash in silhouette:

Sept. 4th "All play and no work has made Jack a dull boy."

Student's note: "Third year's a cinch."

Oct. 4th All the class do their homework (all drop the extra subjects).

Nov. 4th Their brows are wet with midnight sweat, they cram whate'er they can.

Dec. 4th All September hopes depleted,
All ambitions cruelly crashed.
Where no marks are Life's a mourning,
That only serves to make us grieve,
When we get home.

Teacher's comment: "3B marks on the 40-60 basis, 40% average, 60% play."

Teacher's advice: "Plain living and high thinking."

Jan. 4th Teachers see there has been high living and no thinking at all.

Feb. 4th June rumours float about. So nice of the teachers to remind us of the holidays.

Mar. 4th Theme Song: "Land of Hope and Glory."

April 4th June recommendations certain. All hope to be recommended. "To work or not to work?—That is the question."

May 4th Poor reports stimulate parental thunderstorms. Theme Song: "Land of rope and gory."

June 4th Passes are demanded, if not received the class will secede by freight.

As we gaze into the crystal:

July 4th "Ain't nature grand."

Aug. 4th "I am a fugitive—from a family."

Shadows show, shadow shows, showing shadows of life in Central, of class industry. The sharp-cut physiognomies tell the results in quickened tempo. The climax in June. The anti-climax in August, September—submission. There are shadows on the blackboard—are they ours? Do they stand for our victories or defeats? If our victories let us cherish them. If

our defeats we must remember they can be erased with patience, practice, and assiduous endeavour, so that in the near future we will be staunch pillars upholding the fourth year tradition.

"Truth is Stranger than Fiction"

A news reel of real news.

Flash!!!

3B has the faculty of learning!! (Who wouldn't with nine of them!) 3B was awarded the title of the noisiest form in Central.

Mr. Oliver: "It's a great racket.

From the Sunny South: 3B's new baseball slogan: To catch, to bat, to pitch, but not to field.

Mr. Lingard says: "3B is the best third year history class I teach," (as far as he is concerned we are the only ones).

It still lives on but Mr. McEachern is quoted: "Latin has about as much chance of existing in 3B as a snowflake in the other world, and I don't mean the North Pole."

3B's Vocabulary

A speakeasy—a spare.

A squeakeasy—a nervous female.

A jumble—a chance taken that ended in a mess.

A play boy—he who fails in more than three subjects.

A sissy—he who passes in more than six subjects.

A Crusher—a hard marker.

A bell—that which one waits to hear.

Poetically speaking:

A red beak is a nose that blooms in the winter.

A classroom is a habitat where ignorance is blis—(tered).

A scratch is a "bruit de plume" or a "cherchez la insecte."

A Mug is the name applied to that poor soul that has a face resembling the four Marx brothers in one.

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AN AFTERNOON AT THE MUSEUM

On April third, of this year, a group of Biology and Agriculture students, of Form 3C, approached the Regina Normal, for the purpose of a visit to the Museum, particularly to note bird life. The fine and extensive collection of specimens proved both entertaining and educational.

It was easy to walk about, viewing the many cases of bird forms, for hours; as they were of endless quantity and interest. However, our instruction was arranged more systematically by Mr. Bard, of the staff, who kindly gave his time to point out the various classes of birds, and interesting facts about each. For example, the loon, duck, hawk and warbler families were brought to our attention, their colors, varieties and general habits discussed. We learned that the horned larks, crows, slate-colored juncos, robins and many of our little spring friends, had already returned to us. A very full hour and a half, which is a short time for such an expedition, was spent in this manner. One was made to feel the benefits and advantages which could be derived from deeper nature study. The group disbanded with sincere thanks to Mr. Bard.

VOTE OF THANKS

We wish, on behalf of 3C class, to congratulate Una Athey for the success she has achieved in sports this year and also for the honor she has brought to our room.

VOTE OF WELCOME

Form 3C has in its membership several new students who have come to this school for the first time this year. We have enjoyed having them in our midst and we hope that they, on their part, have enjoyed being in the Collegiate. The list includes:

Vimy Barkwell, Olive Barton, Julia Garry, Eleanor Ordway, Betty Carnie, Ruth Goin, Clara McKerricher, Caroline Noga, Jean Ross, Edith Harby, Herbert Bethell.

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3D

DRAMA

Prologue

With thoughtful eyes and furrowed brows,
We daily wield our pens
From monstrous books and human tools,
We learn to ply the tens,
And keener still and keener yet
Our ready wits are filed,
In search of new and sound pretexts,
To get the teachers wild.

Dramatis Personae

3D's studious students,
Also attendant rabble seen in Central's Halls.

Time: September to June.

Scene: Central and adjacent country.

ACT I

Scene I

On north campus—enter 3D's scholarly students dressed in borrowed rags. Also a motley assemblage of decrepit athletes supporting somewhat the nucleus of Central's three rugby teams supplied by 3D.

Scene II

The same—enter a horde of children, running hither and yon—also 3D's dignified pupils who seem to have a purpose in mind and forge ahead of the base rabble in all events. Scene shifts to 3D, where champs of third and fourth years are devouring their chocolates amidst noise of the same rabble in the halls outside.

Scene III

The Gymnasium—Dirt settling—exit 3D's stalwart athletes taking Boys' and Girls' Basketball crowns with them.

ACT II

Scene I

Capitol Theatre—Enter studious students in frivolous moods, accompanied by Mr. Williams. See "Happiness Ahead" but not till July 1st.—Exeunt after two hours.

Scene II

MacCrae Domicile—Enter studying students not studying—some enjoy dancing, others regard it as a test of patience—solace comes to all in food—party breaks up—also furniture.

ACT III

Scene I

In 3D some day between September and June.

About 9.00 a.m.—Chemistry period—enter man of few words—exit boy of many words—test tube foams but not in solitude—best period of day soon passes.

Scene II

Literature—pupils sink deeper in seats, shifting of books—sleepiness prevails.

La Vue Troisième—La professeur entre—la leçon in française commence. Le sommeil de la vue deuxième est toujours prevalent.

Scene IV

Come homo Chapman—go homo Chapman—stay homo Chapman.

Scene V

Thunder and lightning—enter Cooper—more thunder—exit Cooper. (Sound effects not produced by students.)

Scene VI

Algebra, history and physics run off in great style—attention decreases—detention increases.

Scene VII

Reunion in detention—silence is golden—silence is a good policy. Exeunt in 45 minutes.

Epilogue

And yet as if on gliding wings,
We want the year to pass.
Deem not the worth of every day
Of every hour in class.
But ah! Perhaps in future years
From midst the deeper strife
We'll gaze, recall this very term,
And rue the flight of life!

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3F

RHAPSODIES

As the curtain parts on the opening act, pictured amid the historic walls of 3F, the form teacher, Mr. Greenough, is receiving nominations for the various form officers. After a show of mottled hands, he declares "Stew" Gibson president, Arthur Wilson vice president and Gerry Nelson secretary.

The boys' basketball team, starring "Elmer" Hunter, chases 3D in an effort to capture the inter-form title, but having failed, hastens to join the form as it goes to the local "pond" to skate, and thence to the home of Wilmotte White to enjoy dancing and games. The inmates then settle down to cram for the "horrible" exams, and after weeks of writing, threats, failures, tests, and more tests, all skip off to the tune of "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

* * * *

The second act opens on the same old room and the same old seats.

Art Wilson succeeds "Stew" Gibson as president and Gerry Nelson moves up to the vice presidency.

With the advent of the hockey rink the boys go into a huddle and give 4D a real battle as runners-up. The hockey season over, the form slumps back to resume its monotonous grind through the course of studies broken only by the booming voice of "little" John Haug and the clownish antics of Keith Ansley. Amid these burdensome studies caused by exams, and a general rush of the teachers to finish their courses, the members of the Dramatic Club find time to present a one act play entitled, "Thank You Doctor," and starring Chuck Bartlett as the "lunatic" and Phyllis Brady as a daring and clever criminal.

Again the studes usher their books out to a joyful air.

The curtain rises on the third and final act revealing the same scene with paled lights and somewhat duller settings. The students wear more serious faces and all heads are inclined a little more toward their books as they prepare for the all superior finals.

As the remaining few weeks thunder past, the zero day approaches. The "lucky" ones who are recommended rush gaily out, freed at last from the restraint of studies, and the others prepare for the worst.

All are assembled for the Grand Finale, when, as the year's activities are reviewed, it is declared by each and all, a record year.

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EXPLANATION OF THE LOCKED DOOR IN 3F

Arthur Wilson's in a play
Which is rehearsed at noon each day.
He thought school was an awful bore
And locked himself inside the door.

One twenty-five soon rolled about;
The studes outside did roar and shout;
They banged the door and stamped their feet,
But Arthur dear just kept his seat.

Then Mr. Greenough strolled along,
Propelled no doubt by heav'nly song;
He hammered on the lockéd door,
Said pranks must stop, or he'd get sore.

Mr. Cooper stood and cheered
As Greenough through the keyhole peered.
"A few more keyholes," he did roar,
"And this would be an ideal door."

Cooper then was seen to fade,
Arriving back with Campbell's aid.
Now Campbell is a heav'nly guy,
He didn't ask the reason why.

He merely stood upon a chair,
And looked at Arthur in his lair.
He shook his fist and broke the transom.
Said Arthur, "I'll come out for ransom."

"You can't do this, you know quite well—"
Said Campbell—and then rang the bell
Which gathered 3F studes about.
To them our Campbell deigned to shout:

"You can go to the study room.
We'll get this mug out very soon."
To the Chem. Lab. he then repaired;
—We wondered how poor Arty fared!

Poor Art came out a wiser boy;
He's still alive, but minus joy.
He really looks a fearful mess—
They smoked him out with H₂S!

MARY M. BUTLER.

A TOAST

Mr. Toastmaster, Readers:

When your toastmaster asked me to propose a toast to athletics, in which I have been interested most of my life, I promised him that I would refrain from enlarging upon my own personal merits, but would dwell entirely upon those of my subject.

Athletics, as most of us know, are a combination of sport and physical training. The process of physical development is one which is not only exhilarating, but also beneficial to mind and body alike. No one can be an athlete, in any branch of sport, without being perfectly healthy physically, keenly alive mentally, cheerful of spirit and of a high moral character. Lester Patrick, one of the best hockey trainers in the world, says that if anyone intends to make the professional grade of sport, he must spend long hours at practice, keep regular hours, and be an almost total abstainer from tobacco and alcohol, the two greatest curses to sport.

There is no question but that such training aids in fitting a man for any position in life. He has a great advantage over those who have never participated in any form of sport; his motto has become, after months of training, "Do or die." Take the case of a young college athlete who, after completing his course in agriculture, has received his first position. The evening of his arrival he is assigned the task of bringing home the sheep. One hour later, a panting and red-faced youth appeared to his boss, and informed him that he did his darndest, sir, but three of the lambs got away. The farmer, somewhat mystified, went out to the barn and there discovered, beside his sheep, several exhausted jack rabbits.

True, it is not possible, nor is it desirable for everyone to become a trained athlete. Some have neither time, nor strength, nor opportunity for such. But all should have some form of physical exercise. An octogenarian, who had been a noted athlete in his youth and had still kept up some training, was being complimented on his record run from his country home to the city. To the amusement of the bystanders, he replied: "I could have done much better if it hadn't been for that durned sign at the city limits: Speed Limit, 15 miles per hour."

The value of being fit cannot be estimated; often we hear of a man losing his position because his health broke down; yet there are people who make it their business to dodge work. They do not realize the benefits one obtains from physical exertion, and they love to sing the song:

The bright October days have come,
The gladdest that I know,
Too late to mow the doggone lawn,
Too soon to shovel snow.

Participation in games and contests of physical strength and endurance leads to respect for one's opponents and a sense of

sportsmanship. The man who can cheer on his opponent, when he himself is losing is the man who will win eventually. This is shown in the poem "The Real Victor."

"Win or lose, what's the odds? there are more games
to play;

Down this time, up tomorrow, or some other day.

In Hockey, in Life, it sums up the same.

The only real joy comes from 'Playing the Game'."

Speaking of winning, brings to our mind the story of a father, a former champion in athletics, who had been blessed with twins. The friends of the parents, at the conclusion of a superb dinner, bestowed a beautiful loving cup upon the happy couple.

Swept off his feet for a moment, the thoughts of the father went back to his college days. "This is lovely," he stammered, and then added hastily, "But is it really mine to keep, or must I win it three times?"

It is, however, with the greatest sincerity and earnestness that I propose this toast, and ask you to rise and drink with me to: "Clean Sport and Fair Play, may they always be the aim of every athlete!"

—PERCY LARTER, 3D.

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SPORTS

SPORTS IN EUROPEAN COUNTRIES

Young people in Canada and United States, who have become more sport-conscious within the last few years, and particularly so perhaps because of the Olympic Games being held in California in 1932, are now turning their interest in sports toward Germany, where the next Olympiad is to be held in the summer of 1936. Germany and other of the European countries in many respects are considerably in advance of the Anglo-Saxon countries in athletic activities, and especially so since the Great War.

Following the War there was naturally a marked need for a physically rebuilt group of people to replace the fine young manhood that was swept away in that conflict. Added to that recognized need was the fear on the part of the small nations, such as Denmark, Czechoslovakia, Greece, Finland and others, that some of the larger nations might cast covetous eyes of annexation upon their lands. These two influences, largely, gave rise to new and vigorous movements in athletics, to build a new group of physically alert individuals for greater protection of the country. Many of these new plans of activity had their beginnings as a form of military training, but the emphasis has gradually been shifted from military precision and obedience to the discipline of wholesome and spontaneous group and team activities and games.

Germany, even with her militaristic background and present dictatorship, has one of the most far reaching plans, and this is constantly moving away from the old army training to a programme of activities for young and mature people, that releases their energy into interesting and varied forms of activity. Besides compulsory military service, every German youth has uncurbed opportunities to join the Youth Movement, or hiking groups, which take at various times of year trips averaging from a few days' to a month's time from home. These groups hike together in jolly companionship, and keep their expenses to a minimum by stopping at camps arranged for their use and operated similarly to our automobile camps. The German youth takes to the road in great numbers in the summer especially, making journeys to the art treasures and health resorts of their country, thereby gaining an even broader education, and in an informal manner. This is not the only privilege of the German youth, whose government has arranged that every community shall be served by stadia, open-air swimming pools and courts and equipment for all types of games, that every child, rich or poor, has the free use of these sport facilities for as long as he has the leisure to use them.

Even the smaller countries have developed systems of activity that include the whole population of the country. Denmark, Finland and Czechoslovakia are particularly to the fore in this movement. The Czechs and Slovaks have gymnastic festivals every year in Praha (Prague, the capital city) in which any person in the country who can beg, borrow or steal the passage to Praha, may take part. Almost every mortal person in the country between six and sixty years is actively a member of the Sokol, or gymnastic union, in his district. The Festivals are now world famous, and include exhibitions in team sports, apparatus work of all kinds, folk dancing and exercises in mass units of 45,000 to 60,000 persons at a time.

The Danes, like the Czechs and Slovaks, are an intensely patriotic people and they, too, have built up a splendid physique through the several types of programmes carried out there, covering the same activities as in Czechoslovakia. These contests and exhibitions make for a spirit of comradeship and devotion, leading to a feeling of national solidarity.

In America, sports are confined to those who can afford to play them, or to those who can afford to watch others play them, or to what can be obtained during a school career, and sometimes, in the larger cities, to playground facilities. But Americans and Canadians have much to learn from the European nations in the matter of organizing athletic life so that all who wish to may take as active a part in games and physical activities as their capacities allow.



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TRACK



THE WALTER EILERS' TROPHY

May 14th saw in Regina an Inter-Collegiate Track Meet in which the foremost athletes from Central Collegiate, Commercial High School, Technical School, and Scott Collegiate participated. This is the first event of its kind to take place in the city and it was greatly enjoyed by the students.

The major award in the Meet was the shield pictured above, which was donated through the kindness of Mr. Walter Eilers, of Regina. This trophy goes to the school which is successful in the greatest number of events in the annual Inter-Collegiate Track Meet and it will be kept by that school for the year following.

Through the donation of this shield, keen competition has been created which has brought forth a great rally of "esprit de corps" which formerly seemed to be somewhat lacking in our secondary schools. On behalf of these schools, we take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Eilers for the presentation of this trophy.

PROVINCIAL TRACK MEET, 1934

BOYS

The annual jaunt was made by motor on May 18th, 1934, by Senior and Junior track teams to participate in the Provincial Track Meet held on the University of Saskatchewan grounds in Saskatoon. The boys left on the 17th and returned the 19th of May.

This trip, always one of the most enjoyable functions in the school year, was made under the able supervision of our popular physical instructor, Mr. Myatt.

Dave Spencer, Central's crack miler, as usual won in his event.

The following participated:

Senior: D. Spencer, K. Goldie, C. Williams, F. Usher, V. Marchuk.

Junior: C. Simpson, A. Scythes, D. McGregor, E. Mulligan, P. Cruickshank.

Although the boys were not successful in bringing home any cups, they gained a great deal of experience that will certainly be of benefit to them in future meets.

SENIOR GIRLS PROVINCIAL TRACK CHAMPIONSHIPS

The spring of 1934 saw the first provincial track meet for girls, organized under the University of Saskatchewan authorities, and promoted in Saskatoon on May 18, 1934. Central made an enviable name for herself by sending up the championship senior team of Una Athey, Mary Kaleniuk, Maurine Trimble, Pat Farnsworth and Mary Spohn, who individually and as a relay team amassed enough points to be crowned Provincial Champions. A Junior team was also sent up, but did not fare quite so well as far as point totals go. Irene Lockwood, Norma Lunam, Doris Cross, Esther McGonigal and Bernice Barlow, however, made sure of winning the relay race, and so came home with some points to their credit, as well as good experience for this year.

It is expected that the meet will become an annual affair, and this year Central is sending up a strong team to defend their provincial reputation. It is expected that the Seniors will be selected from Dot Cullum, Una Athey, Pat Farnsworth, Olive Demchuk, Mary Cunningham, Lou MacDonald, and others of the ten or twenty girls trying for places. The Juniors will have Bernice Barlow and Esther McGonigal from last year's team to build upon. The others will be selected from twenty or more girls who have been in faithful training for over two months. The prospects for a well balanced Junior team look almost as bright as for the Seniors, which are particularly good this year.



M. KALENIUK



MISS D. TINGLEY



U. ATHEY

SENIOR GIRLS' TRACK TEAM



D. FARNSWORTH



MR. W.G. MYATT



M. TRIMBLE

1934 TEAM

TRACK AND FIELD MEET

Central's Annual Track Meet, in September, 1934, was very successful, in spite of the fact that competitors and spectators alike were almost lost in clouds of dust. Most of the events were held on Friday afternoon on the North Campus, but the jumping finals were held over until Monday, for the bamboo pole would not stay in place in the high wind.

A financial surplus was realized, and thirst and hunger satisfied by the refreshment booth operated in the main hall, much to the liking of staff and students.

The competitions were close in the girls' events, with Una Athey 3C, taking the Senior championship by a wide margin, totalling 20 points to Pat Farnsworth's 10 and Olive Demchuk's 8. Dot Cullum 4B, Central's track ace, was out of competition with an injured knee, but Una had her hands full enough without Dot around. In the Juniors, Bernice Barlow 2D, took the championship with 14 points, followed by Ruby Freeman 1F, with 9 points, and Esther McGonigal with 8 points. The Midgets saw Marguerite Surtees 1B as their champion, scoring 13 points, and Dorothy Chard 2B, second with 8 points and Joyce Norman 1K gathered in 6 points.

Several relay races were run off during the afternoon, which allowed the less fortunate to compete in the meet, with success for their forms. The Shuttle Relay in Third and Fourth years was won by 4C, in Second year 2B and 2F tied, and in First year 1B romped off with first place. The Interform relays of four girls each was the highlight of the afternoon's relay racing. 3C (Athey, Ordway, Ehman, Barkwell) won the Third year race; 2C (Kozier, Atkinson, Linkert, Mahoney) in Second year; and 1B in First year (Surtees, Thom, McCulloch and Jolly).

By the time this goes to press, the May Meet, sponsored and organized by the High School Board, will be past history, but we hope it will be a successful chapter in Central's high record of track achievements.

PROVINCIAL TRACK MEET, 1935

SENIOR TRACK GIRLS PROVINCIAL CHAMPIONS

The Senior Girls' Track team for the second year in succession, won the Provincial Title for team competition. Pat Farnsworth 4C, Una Athey 3C, and Maurine Trimble 4B, of last year's winning team were members of the squad for this season's meet. Dorothy Cullum 4B, Mary Cunningham 4F, and Frances Ordway 1A, completed the roster.

Weather conditions were miserable the day of the meet, otherwise this strong team should have set some records for future competitors to shoot at. As it was, Una Athey and Dot Cullum placed first and second in the 100 yard dash, and reversed their positions in the 60 yard dash. The jumping places first and second in both the Broad and High jumps were taken by Dot Cullum and Mary Cunningham. The 200 yard dash starred Pat Farnsworth. Maurine Trimble, Mary Cunningham and Frances Ordway looked after the discus, baseball and javelin throwing events.

Bernice Barlow was the only Junior to make the trip. She placed first in the Broad jump, and then running with Dot Cullum, Una Athey and Pat Farnsworth in the relay, gave Central another first place.

Dot Cullum won the Senior individual Championship, and Una Athey was runner-up, while Bernice Barlow was in the runner-up position in the Junior section.

Prospects for repeating next year look favorable as Una Athey, Frances Ordway and Bernice Barlow will all be back to form the nucleus of the 1936 team.

SENIOR BOYS' TRACK TEAM

Ten boys under Coach Myatt made the trip to Saskatoon to take part in the Annual Track and Field Meet held at the University of Saskatchewan on May 17, 1935. Weather conditions were very poor as a strong wind, and dust, made record breaking impossible. The Senior team were without the services of Fred Bond, one of the spring stars, but Don MacCrae moved up from Juniors to fill his place. Charlie Simpson 4A, and Don MacCrae 2B, entered the sprints while Ross Barlow 4B, entered the weight events, Lloyd Dodge 3F took part in the jumping events, and Team Captain Dave Spencer 4A represented Central in the distance events, winning the mile, and half mile races.

The Senior boys were second to Scott Collegiate in team standing, only two points behind at the close of the day. Don MacCrae, Charlie Simpson, Ross Barlow and Dave Spencer formed the relay team that won the Senior Relay Cup. Dave Spencer was runner-up in the individual points in the senior division.

The Junior boys team was made up of Herbert Ziffle 4B, R. Knowles 3F, A. Crossley 2B, and D. Jolly 2B, who although not as successful as the Senior boys, nevertheless gave a good account of themselves and gained considerable experience.

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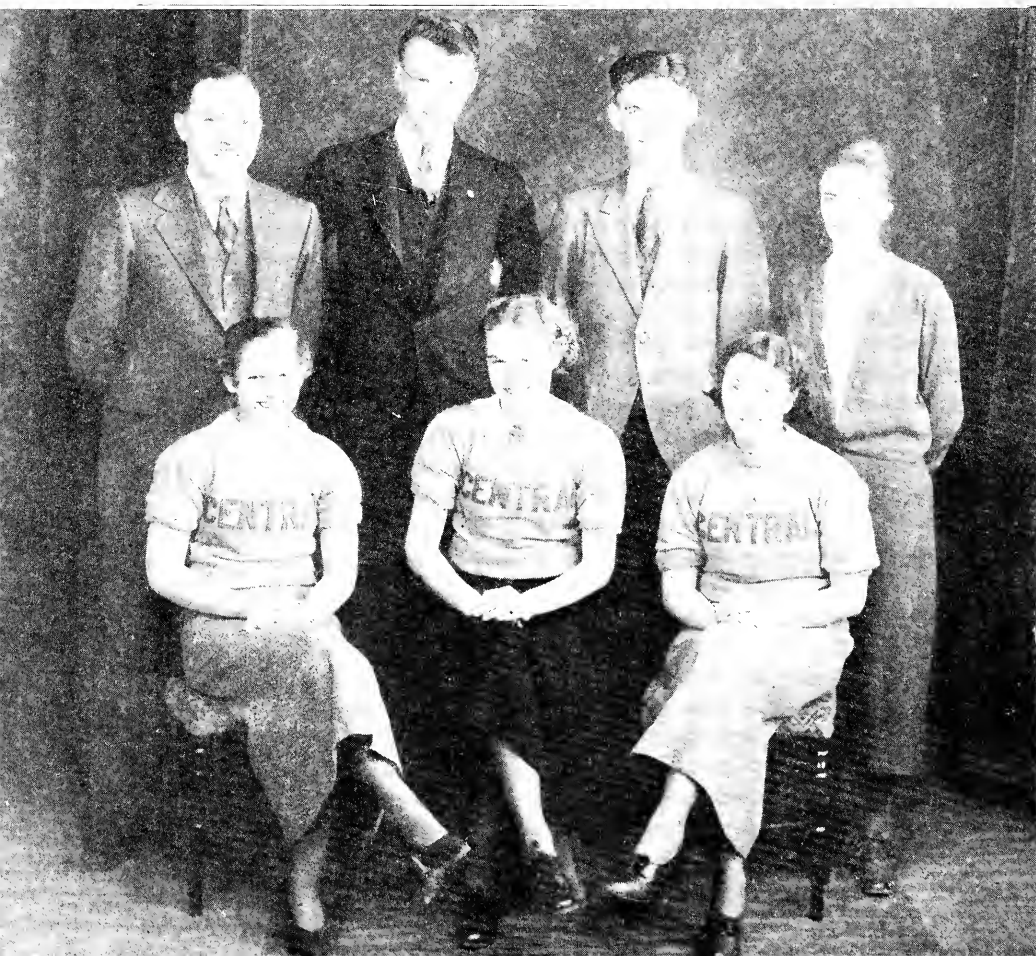
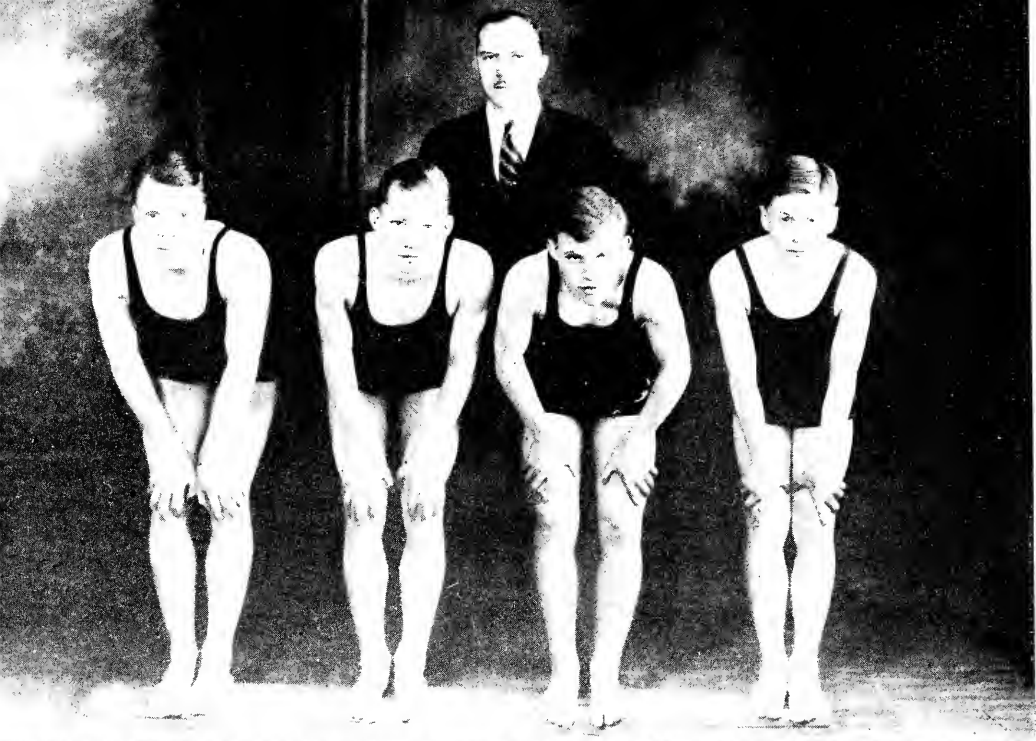
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SWIMMING MEET

Central boys went up another rung in their sports' ladder at the Boys' Swimming Meet on April 30th, due chiefly to the efforts of Ross Barlow, who was the only senior entrant in the Meet and who coached the Junior team from Central. This team of Doug Bell, Ron Hardy and Allen Smith won every event in the Junior section of the Meet, except the diving, although Allen Smith was placed second in this. In the Senior division, Ross brought in the remaining points which brought Central up to a standing of second place in the Meet.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The Presidency of the Athletic Association, through annual rotation between the boys and girls, fell this year to the girls. The elections, held early in September, were closely contested, with Dot Cullum, 4B, emerging victorious as President; Gerry Potts, 4C, as Vice President; Anne MacRae, 3B, as Secretary; and George Thomson, 4A., as Treasurer.

Besides sponsoring the Interform games, and Senior, Junior and Midget school teams in all the sports played at the school, the Athletic Association was host at two dances of which the proceeds were used to purchase equipment for the teams that represent Central.

A different venture on the part of the Athletic Association this year was the promotion, in co-operation with the Students' Council, of a campus rink. A proportion of the Athletic funds was contributed to the erection of the rink, and hockey equipment was authorized to be purchased. This new activity, at least new to the students of the last four years in the school, afforded excellent opportunity for a large number of the boys to participate actively in the interform schedule. If the finances of the Students' Council and the Athletic Association permit the continuation of the rink another year, it is hoped that the girls will be able to undertake an interform schedule also.

The Athletic Association takes pride in the achievement of Central's teams, whether as conquerors, or as participants in the game, and pass on to their successors in office the tradition of true sportsmanship that is Central at her best.

SWIMMING—Boys (Upper Picture)

Mr. W. G. Myatt.

R. Barlow, R. Hardy, D. Bell, A. Smith.

ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE—(Lower Picture)

Standing—Mr. Myatt, G. Thomson, Treas., B. Isman, Miss Tingley.

Seated—A. MacRae, D. Cullum, Pres., M. McLeod.



SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Standing—Miss Tingley, H. Haug, N. Lunam, L. MacDonald, E. Syszky, G. Wilkie, W. G. Myatt.
Seated—U. Athey, M. Trimble, O. Demchuk, D. Cullum, J. Wright, L. Deacon, B. Cowan

BASKETBALL

SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL

For two years in succession, Central's Senior Girls' teams have won the right to compete in the finals for the Murray Cup, emblematic of Provincial Championship, and in each series have just missed bringing the Cup to grace Central's halls. It was hoped to repeat this year, but the Cup was put up for competition under boys' rules, and it was decided by all the teams usually playing in the Intercollegiate League in Regina to continue girls' rules for another year. The 1934-35 edition of the Senior team was a worthy successor to the winning ways of the previous teams. Against Normal, Scott, Regina College and Commercial and Tech combined, this year's Seniors ended up in a tie for first place with the Scott Seniors, each team having lost one game to the other. When disagreement and difficulty arose as to playoff terms, the Central Seniors defaulted the title to Scott Collegiate, and then went on to play the annual good will matches with Moose Jaw Technical School.

The game in Moose Jaw was a close contest. Central playing their first game at boys' rules, and on a strange floor covered themselves with glory in holding the Tech girls to a 17-17 tie. The return game on Central floor with girls' rules was Central's all the way, ending 27-17.

Graduation will take several prominent members of the team away from Central's halls of learning when the next season comes around, but there are now several experienced players left as a good beginning next year—here's the list:

Forwards

Louise Deacon—an energetic, hard playing forward who will be lost to the team next year.

Olive Demchuk—who puts in impossible shots from impossible angles, is a steady passer and good jump centre.

Dot Cullum—plays her last season for Central, as a forward this year, although equally effective as a guard; she plays jump centre, getting more than her share of tip-offs.

Grace Wilkie—graduated midseason from Juniors, but showed herself deserving of her promotion, fitting splendidly into the fast moving forward lines.

Una Athey—moved up from last year's Juniors, is one of the forwards who will be with the team next year; is fast moving, and jumps well for rebound shots.

Guards

Lou MacDonald—steady defence player who consistently checked the forwards to the minimum number of shots.

Eleanor Syzsky—never gives her check a chance to get away from her long enough to score; has a nice shot but has more preference for defensive work.

Jane Wright—worries her forward constantly, and teaming with Lou and Eleanor forms one of the strongest defences to be met in the league.

Norma Lunam—specializes in interception of passes, and in getting the rebound shots from the forwards; will be with the team next year.

Helen Haug—another Junior who made the midseason jump to Senior company with Una Athey and Grace Wilkie, has gained valuable experience for her next season with the team; plays a close checking game to the worry of her opponents.

Bernice (Bun to you) Cowan—came up at the end of the season to show the Seniors how to play guard, and at the same time to be a valuable forward; will be another of next year's best prospects.

Maurine Trimble—followed Bun Cowan up with the same idea of being a useful guard and forward, after practising all season as a Junior. Trim graduates this year (so she says) and will be lost to the teams she has served faithfully for four years.

The Senior girls brought to a close their successful season with a highly hilarious party at Helen Haug's home, April 12th, when the Senior boys were also there. That's all you need to know.

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JUNIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Central Juniors sometimes find themselves divided into two teams, from "A" School and from "B" School, but this year owing to the addition of a new Junior entry from Sacred Heart Academy, the Junior entry from Central was combined into one team. The Junior girls, though neither on the top of the League standing nor at the bottom, played a hard fought series of games against the other Junior teams from Commercial, College, Normal, Scott and Sacred Heart Schools. Coached by Miss Tingley, the team had several high scoring forward lines (not quite high scoring enough) in various combinations of Dorothy Doan, 4B; Mary McLeod, 4C; Sadie Finklestein, 2F; Elizabeth Heidt, 3D; Anne Christie, 2B; Anne Townsend, 1C; Anne Demchuk, 1D; and Dorothy Kinnee, 3D.

The opposition forwards were left to the defensive tactics of Maurine Trimble, 4B; Bun Cowan, 3F; and Phyll Cowan, 3A; Edith Scott, 2A; Annie Bujea, 3D; Joyce Norman, 1K; Mary Fawcett, 2A; and Mary Cunningham, 4F. These girls put up stiff opposition for opposition forwards, although considerably weakened by the loss of Mary Cunningham through injuries early in the season.

MIDGET GIRLS' BASKETBALL

This is the first year that the "little girls" have had a chance to play this game in competition with other schools. Commercial Midgets and Central indulged in a good-natured series of four games, much to the merriment of Miss Jolly, Commercial coach, and Miss Tingley, Central mentor, and all the girls. Central made a splendid showing in their first year of competition, by salting away three of the four games, and they are at pains to explain that the fourth one, lost to Commercial, was a mistake, but they were never given a chance to prove it as such.

Olive Newman 2F, Joe Debert 2B, Gwen Neil 1G, Bertha Deck 3D, Aroon French 1G, Esther McGonigal 1F, and Olive Drew were the forwards, while the defensive work was divided up among Peggy Foster 2B, who did heavy work as jump centre also, Hazel McDougall 2B, Ann Wright 1A, Gerry Nelson 3F, Beth Ralston 1C, and Lena Sapergia 1A.

GIRLS' INTERFORM BASKETBALL

The schedule this year began quite early after all the teams had had a chance to play a few games for practice. All the games were completed, except for the finals, before Christmas.

The fourth year winner 4B was beaten by the third year winner in the third-fourth year final, and 4F team of five members at most, captured the consolation event.

Personnel: 4B—M. Trimble, L. MacDonald, D. Cullum, D. Doan, P. Perry, C. Head.

3D—G. Wilkie, M. Speers, E. Heidt, D. Kinnee, H. Haug, A. Bujea, G. Boyd.

4F—L. Deacon, M. Craig, E. Crook, M. Cunningham, P. Greenaway.

The winning second year form was 2B with 2F taking the consolation event.

2B—O. Demchuk, P. Foster, B. Burbidge, F. Body, J. Debert, A. Christie.

2F—S. Finklestein, M. McMaster, O. Newman, K. Brown, G. Bride, J. Munroe, A. Johnston, M. Wagg, B. Johnston, L. Wolfman.

1F was the winning first year form, with 1C winning the consolation.

1F—E. McGonigal, I. Irwin, R. Freedman, M. Weicker, E. Bannerman, H. Fairlie.

1C—A. Townsend, J. Cunningham, B. Ralston, M. Brown, M. J. Campbell, I. Hays, E. McLachlan, B. Yarnton.

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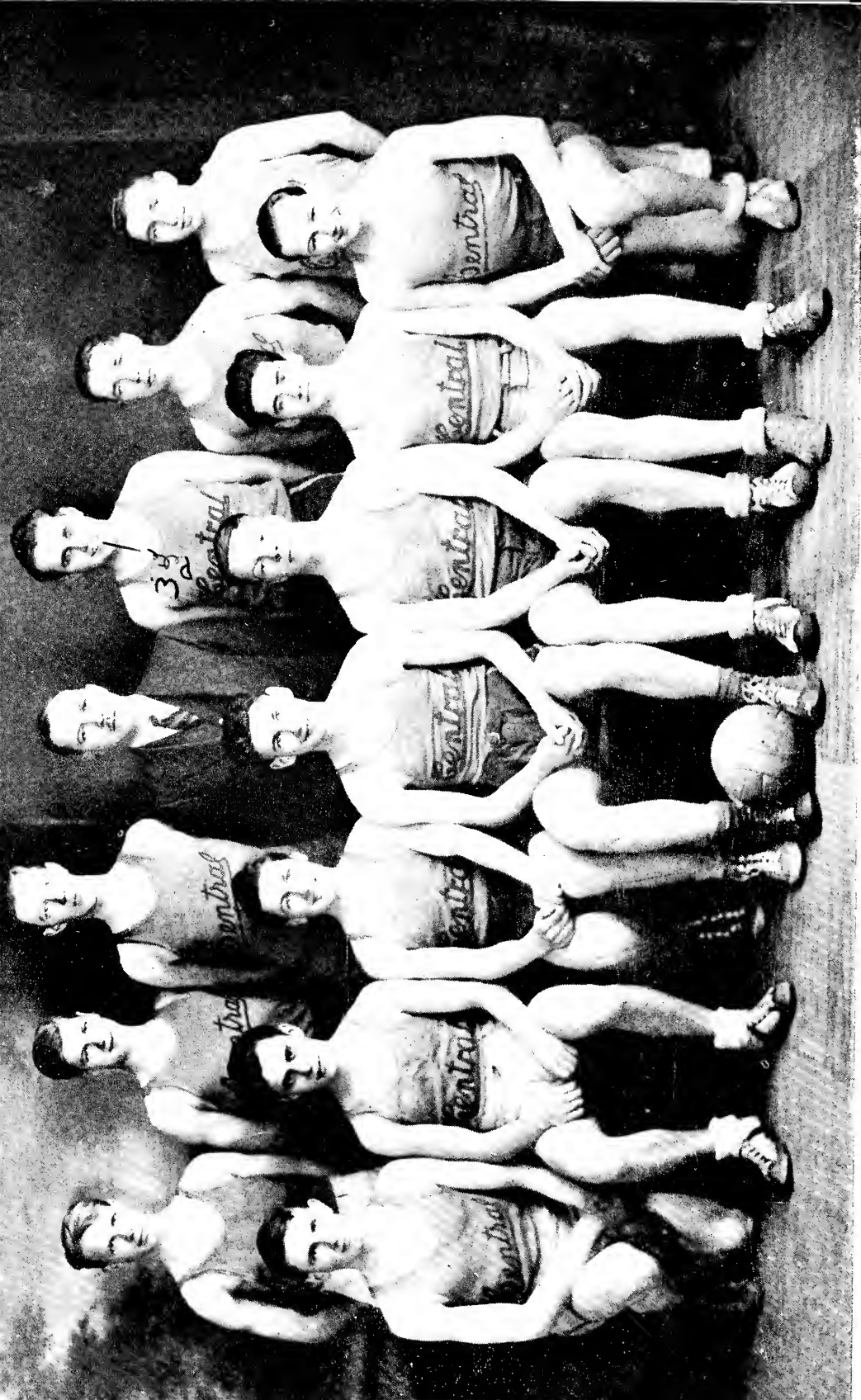
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SENIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL

This was Central's banner year. Every team in the city's educational world fell before the smart team-play of the purple and gold clad players. Winners of the series between a strong Commercial-Tech. team and Central, they went on to defeat Champion (winners of the College loop) in a two game series by two points. Aply led by Bernard Isman, as captain, and another veteran of last year, Warren "Pres" Petersmeyer, the team had only three defeats in the season. Several of the players were of junior weight, but held their own with any of the seniors.

A trip to Moose Jaw to play the Technical school there put a final touch to the season's activities. Central won at Moose Jaw, but lost by one point at home, winning the round by three points. Previous to this two very thrilling and closely contested games were played with the "Mounties."

Lineup: Forwards—B. Isman, W. Petersmeyer, S. Abrams, G. Gordon, E. Doan, E. Hunter, D. Lanskill, T. Bastedo.

Guards—R. Barlow, E. Ploss, G. Bujea, P. Noble, A. Koch.

The senior team owes a great measure of the credit due them to the able coaching of Mr. Myatt.

JUNIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL

The junior boys, coached by Mr. Greenough, found Scott, the winners of the league, too much for them, losing to them in two closely fought games.

Lineup: Forwards—G. Mason, A. Hemstreet, C. Head, D. Allen, E. Sparks, J. Anderson, A. Ring, J. Walker, F. Pyne.

Guards—K. Robertson, N. Dunn, H. Pearlman, A. Saltman.

MIDGET BOYS' BASKETBALL

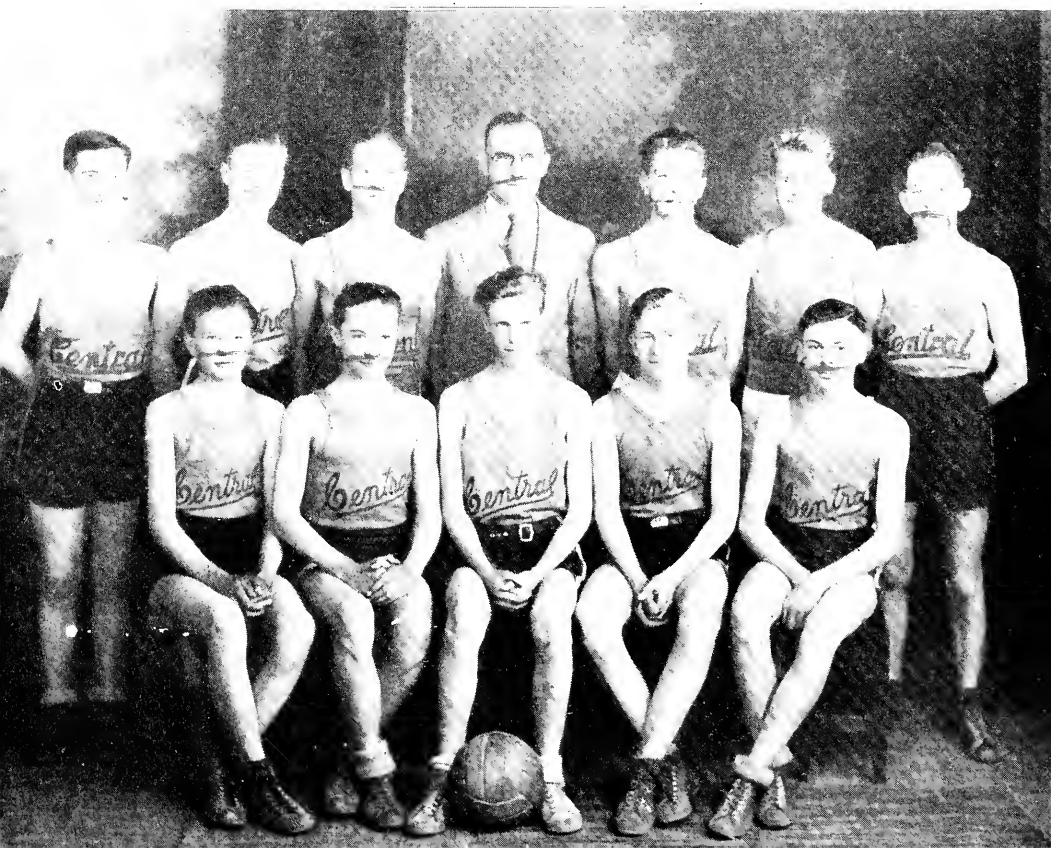
The little fellows just couldn't be stopped this year, winning their league without a single loss. Coached by Mr. Cooper, the team played fast basketball from the very start of the season and were able to give any junior team a close game. They made a trip to Moose Jaw and lost a close game to a bigger team from the "Y" but defeated Moose Jaw in the return engagement at Central.

As yet there is no trophy for the midget basketball league, but one may be forthcoming before another season "rolls along."

Most of the midgets will be at Central again next year and this will be a decided boost for next year's Juniors.

Lineup: Forwards—T. Larkin, F. Fairley, G. Smith, L. Newman, B. Husband, J. Rowe.

Guards—C. MacLellan, P. Wenaus, B. Mitchell, J. Townsend, J. Peake.



HOCKEY

Central athletics had a big boost this year in the addition of a rink, financed by the Students' Council and Board and erected on our own Campus. The rink was occupied every night, as an extensive interform hockey schedule had been drawn up by Mr. Myatt. Every form in the school took part and everyone used the rink.

The rink was formally opened by a Staff-Student game in which many of our sporting teachers took part. Mr. Oliver ably defended the net for the teachers, although the game ended in favor of the students.

Mr. Scrimgeour was the able referee.

INTERFORM

In the interform schedule, 1D won the first year championship; 2B the second year championship, and 4D the 3rd and 4th year championship. Mr. Griffin was in charge of the 1st year interform schedule, Mr. Lingard the 2nd year, and Mr. Hunt the 3rd and 4th years.

A senior team was formed under Mr. Lingard's guidance and played several games with Normal, Commercial and the Colleges, winning the first two and tying the third.

HOCKEY

Standing—F. Bond, J. Donahue, A. Bigelow, Mr. Lingard, M. Henderson, D. Robb, D. Jolly.
Seated—D. Dewson, D. Baker, L. Potts, G. Wilson, G. Ring.

MIDGET BOYS' BASKETBALL

Standing—G. McLellan, R. Mitchell, J. Rowe, Mr. Cooper, T. Larkin, J. Peake, L. Newman.
Seated—V. Wenaus, J. Townsend, F. Fairley (Capt.), G. Smith, R. Husband.

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BASEBALL

SENIOR GIRLS' BASEBALL

For many years Central has had quite the upper hand in Girls' Softball, as successive teams have marched right through the opposition in the League. For various reasons, largely that Normal School and Regina and Luther College terms are over so much earlier than the Collegiates, there was no League formed last year. This left the well balanced Central team with little opposition, and a desultory season's ball was the result. Only exhibition games were played, and these were against Normal School, and one against Wetmore Public School (when sssh, 'tis sad to tell, the Centralites were defeated).

The team personnel included Olive Demchuk and Mae Huddleston as alternate pitchers, and that alone gave Central a big start over the other teams; Sybil Durrant and Isabel Scrimgeour, catchers; Bea Metcalf or Louise Deacon, shortstop; Dot Cullum, first base; Jean Gillis, third base; Marian Thomson, second base; Frances Crosson, right field; Jane Wright, centre field; and Mary McLeod, left field.

Prospects this year are for a well organized League, as Normal School and Luther College have already intimated a willingness to organize teams and form a League. The material for another championship team at Central seems quite as promising as at any other time, for Olive Demchuk, Louise Deacon and Dot Cullum are with us, the last two for their last term at school (we hope!) and many second and third years are shaping into definitely good material. Have a look at the Schedule now, and see how the team is making out, and give the girls your vocal support at the next game.

BOYS' SOFTBALL—INTERFORM

Softball was a great success last year with a 24 team loop, practically the whole school participating. We had some new backstops erected and the diamond improved.

The fields were occupied every night, sometimes as many as six games going on at the one time.

Besides the interform schedule, games were played with both Commercial and Tech.

All games were under the supervision of Mr. Myatt.

HARDBALL

A team was formed under the guidance of Mr. Fred Haward. Several games were played with other schools and colleges.

This sport is severely handicapped as Central has no field of its own. Foul balls and heavy hitters have made it impossible for us to use either the S. or N. Campus in the pursuit of this sport. But, the game seems to have been revived around the school and this year is to be recorded as the best ever in the history of this sport at Central.

RUGBY

SENIOR

The senior boys, though not doing so well as in some other years, had a successful season.

Although only Commercial and Central were included in the league, several outside games were played; two with Luther and one with Central's Old Boys.

In the league Central won one game, tied one and lost two. F. Black and C. Carter were outstanding for the Purple and Gold.

Lineup: Backfield—F. Black, C. Carter, D. Dewson, F. Mason, N. Kliman and G. Ring.

Line—J. Bogden, D. McGregor, R. Edwards, B. Godkin, W. Petersmeyer, D. Spencer, P. Cruickshank, R. Barlow, S. Inch, E. Doan, V. Erdyleon, D. McIntosh.

The team was ably coached by Mr. Myatt.

JUNIOR

The junior boys, under Messrs. Griffin and Perkins and ably assisted by G. Potts, found strong opposition at Scott, Tech and Campion, Tech finally winning the league.

Lineup: E. Hunter, D. MacCrae, D. Allen, R. Lockhart, H. Guest, F. Bond, D. McEwen, R. Copeland, K. Robertson, E. Sparks, J. Donahue, R. Canham, P. Salmond, G. Bujea, H. Pearlman, C. Head, D. Badenock, J. Anderson, J. Bratt, G. Burnett, P. Noble, G. Wilson.

MIDGET

The midget boys, under Mr. Oliver, found the opposition too much for them. Tech was defeated twice but both games were lost to Scott and Campion.

The following made up the team:

K. Charlton, R. Hall, T. Larkin, J. Frasz, G. Blair, D. Capraru, J. Tennian, A. Albulet, S. Hopkins, B. Mitchell, G. Mitchell, R. Salmond, G. Ring, E. March, M. Jordan, C. McLellan, J. Bing, Pukish, S. Mutch, W. Spittle, P. Hamilton, W. Angley, M. Weiker, D. Roberts, I. McPherson.

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TENNIS

It is yet too early to prognosticate the 1935 tennis season, but likely the enthusiasm of the 1934 season will be surpassed by the one that approaches. The newly repaired courts last season attracted a record entry for the tennis tournament. The tournament was under the successful direction of the Tournament Committee. Four teams of Ladies' Doubles were all that could be mustered for that event. The winners declared were Peg Milligan, 4F, and Elspeth Milligan, 3A. Thirteen teams of Men's Doubles made the men's event a stirring competition. The first place was taken over for the second year by Roy Campbell, 4B, and Chris Protopappas, 4B; while Bernard Isman and Geoffrey Mortimer, both of 2D, captured the consolation doubles.

It is expected that with new equipment and well prepared courts the 1935 season will attract a larger number of students to the pastime. A tournament is planned for this year also, and will likely be in operation as the Annual goes to press.

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SECOND YEAR



DEDICATION

"We laugh, we joke,
We play, we cheer,
We even learn
In second year.
But what we learn
We cannot tell
For we don't know,
So very well!"

Oh, don't we though, all our activities are stamped, indelibly printed upon our physiognomies—haggard, drawn, woe-begone.

We marched around the halls
In this sad state
Until we met without remorse
Our fated fate.
The principal has given us the gate.
Tears rule tears.

We live to ourselves, playing in a drama written with capriciousness and mirth, a drama into which even some tragedy is introduced. However, in retrospect our lot seems much better, and, as we see ourselves, now, our outlook brightens, our horizon broadens, we stand on a higher social plane. No longer are we cowering mortals in the fear of the "aweful" teacher. As to the future we are philosophical because we live in the present, our slogan becomes a dare, a defiant thrust at the fates.

"Come what come may,
We will live to win another day."

SECOND YEAR ORGANIZATION

| Form 2A | Form 2B |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------|
| President—John Scott | President—Olive Demchuk |
| Vice. Pres.—Gwen Griffin | Vice Pres.—Alan Crossley |
| Secretary—Dorothy Taggart | Secretary—Ronald Barlow |
| Form 2C | Form 2D |
| President—Dorothy Davison | President—Bob Lennox |
| Vice Pres.—Tom Clinkskill | Vice Pres.—Norma Lunam |
| Secretary—Margaret Rothermell | Secretary—Mat Jordan |
| Form 2F | Form 2G |
| President—Don McEwen | President—Roy Chinn |
| Vice Pres.—Mae McMaster | Vice Pres.—Stan McKenzie |
| Secretary—Abie Schwartzfeld | Secretary—Evelyn Bancescue |

SOCIAL AND ETCETERA

2A. This valiant form braved the raging weather of our fair city and had their form brawl in a sleighing party. Those who remained in the sled enjoyed their ride immensely . . . the others managed to amuse themselves "tres bien" (Miss Leech is our form teacher!). Thereafter we assembled ourselves at the home of Dorothy Taggart, where we whiled away the dreary hours by eating and dancing.

2B. Our form party was a complete success. First we "Gathered at the river" (my error—Arena Rink) and for one hour we partook in Canada's foremost sport. From the Arena we went to Bill Ross' home, where games and dancing were enjoyed by all. Refreshments were served by Norah Hall and Jean Foster.

2C. One starlit evening 2C passed two hours (slow time) sleigh-riding over icy streets and snow-clad plains. Mr. Griffin accompanied this gang of gay revellers. Later we returned to the famed halls of our Deah Almah Matah where our enormous appetites, tantalized by a delightful lunch, overcame our desire to dance.

2D. "The Most Original Form in the School" . . . we might well be called. Our form party took the form ("Ah me! repetition of words") of a theatre party. After the show we ate and danced until the wee sma' hours of morn at the home of Harry MacKay.

2F. Our most memorable event was our form party. And what a form party! We have, in our midst, a young lady who rode a horse from Wascana Creek to Hamilton Street (her modesty will not permit the publication of her name). The aforementioned happened during our sleigh ride. After much hilarity, we trooped back to Marg. Stemshorn's, where we tripped the light fantastic and devoured countless weiners and buns.

2G. On January 18th, our worthy form aroused themselves to go for a ride . . . a sleigh ride in fact, and, after this exciting (was you dere?) expedition, we . . . well . . . in short . . . we ate. Games and dancing concluded the evening.

BACK STAGE

Mr. Allan giving a lesson on Creation, is interrupted by Bob Lockhart.

Bob: "My father says we are descended from apes."

Mr. Allan: "Your private family matters have no interest for the class, Bob."

Edith had fallen downstairs. Marg. S. is bending over her anxiously.

Marg.: "Oh Edith! Did you miss a step?"

Edith: "No. I hit them all."

OFFICIAL BEDTIME STORY FOR CENTRAL FRESHIES

(With apologies to the author of "Twenty Froggies Went to School")

Twenty "Freshies" went to school,
Twenty "Freshies" played the fool . . .
Little knowing dear J. C.
Was sizzling mad as he could be!

"We must be on time," said they,
"For ('First we study, then we play')
That is how we keep the rule,
When we 'Freshies' go to school!"

Father "Shorty," grave and stern,
Took each "Freshie" in his turn,
Censured him in tones severe . . .
Harshly pinched him on the ear!

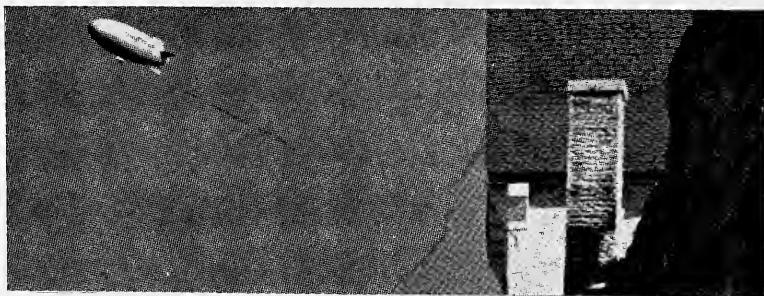
Verbally, he raised the deuce;
Ridiculed each weak excuse,
Told each one he must arrive
Before nine bells, to stay alive!

Twenty "Freshies" grew up fast,
"Seniors" they became at last.
Not one lesson they forgot
Not "ONE" dunce was in the lot!

Polished to a high degree
As Seniors ought to be,

Now they're living off their folks,
(Got no jobs, the lazy blokes!)
Then they go, or bum at "U"—
Which future, Freshies, waits for you!

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FIRST YEAR

FIRST YEAR ORGANIZATION

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Vice President—Anne Wright
Secretary—Allan Porter.

Form 1F

President—Stan Hopkins
Secretary—

Form 1B

President—Susie Brett
Secretary—Les Munro

Form 1G

President—Helen Herbison
Secretary—Sam Barsky

Form 1C

President—Beth Ralston
Secretary—Gordon Smith

Form 1H

President—Lal Bing
Secretary—Tom Barley

Form 1D

President—Jack Bing
Vice President—Ruth Blough
Secretary—Doris Catton

Form 1K

President—Tom Green
Secretary—Dorothy Duncalfe
Treasurer—Jim Rowe

A PORTION OF A "FRESHIES" DAY

Any Room. Signs of guerilla warfare. Wads. A second-hand bakery bun. Fanatical jubilation. Hit. Prof. drifts in. Jubilation drifts out. What a lesson. Prof. (who is an optimist) consoles everybody by quoting:

"Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage!"

Somebody mumbles, "No, but they sure help!"

Whispered puns, and counter puns. A bowlegged quarter-wit at the back of the room, in the arms of Morpheus; let him sleep. Sounds rather like a riveter in action, what? or a woodpecker? At least he doesn't have to listen to the Prof. Who is? Hiccup. Nobody, you ass! . . . Not even the Prof. . . . who hiccuped? Somebody laughs like a jackass . . . maybe he is one! Prof. seems to wax wrath . . . let him wax it! Jackass ejected . . . timid titters . . . timid titters totally squelched . . . Hark! The anaemic bell . . . Myatt's period. I wonder what he'll say he used to be today. A life-guard this time? It could be worse. Myatt says rugby team all one calibre . . . suppressed titter. Myatt chortles too . . . he knows a joke when he sees one . . . that's why he's looking at you, you egg! Ha! . . . question . . . how many bones in the skeleton? Before, or after dinner? Before, you fish! Who cares? Not I, my dear Aloysius, not I . . . Who am I to dispute what Mr. Myatt says? We've been gypped . . . this period's lasted 40 minutes . . . a colossal swindle . . . and so . . . as the cowbell tinkles the local nit-wits flit out to recuperate from their mental fatigue.

| Subject | Apparatus | Procedure | Conclusion |
|------------------|---------------------------|---|---|
| Sleighting Party | Form 1A and Mr. Griffin | After sleigh-riding for an hour, assemble apparatus at Dr. Kay's home | Many victuals were guzzled and dancing ensued. |
| Skating Party | Form 1B and Mr. Howard | 1. Skate at Arena. 2. Lunch at school. 3. Games and dancing at home of Ian McPherson. | A few 1B boys learned to dance |
| Skating Party | Form 1C | 1. Skate for two hours. 2. A d j o u r n t o Eleanor Hosie's home for games and dancing. | ????????? |
| Theatre Party | Mr. Mackenzie and Form 1D | 1. See "College Rhythm." 2. "Eats" at the school after the show. | "Well, that's over." (Quote from Mr. Mackenzie.) |
| Skating Party | Mr. Williams and 1F | 1. Skate at school rink. | We wonder? |
| Theatre Party | Miss Forsythe and Form 1G | 1. "Transatlantic Merry-go-round." 2. L u n c h a n d games at school. | Three girls died of excitement. |
| Sleighting Party | Form 1K and Mr. Cooper | 1. Sleigh ride from 8-10 p.m. 2. Lunch et al at school. | "Mr. Cooper is a fine entertainer. (General opinion.) |

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HUMOUR

If you can't laugh at the jokes of the age, laugh at the age of the jokes.

"Some are old and some are new,
Some on me, and some on you
Some on teachers, our best friends,
With this joke the poem ends."

Cliff Anderson: "I'm sorry I ran over your hen. Would a dollar make it up?"

McNally: "Waaal, better make it two. I have a rooster that was mighty fond of that hen. The shock might kill him too."

Mr. Doxsee: "Well, why don't you answer me?"

G. Mason: "I did, Sir. I shook my head."

Mr. Doxsee: "Possibly, but do you expect me to hear it rattle from here?"

Isman (after basketball practice): "There's a dirty crook around here; in the past week I've lost a Champion sweater, a Tech sweat-shirt, a pair of Scott pants, and a couple of Y.M.C.A. towels."

And, then, there's the one about the Scotch teacher, named Fyfe, who jumps over his gate to save the hinges.

Murray Auld on top of ladder from which four wires were dangling.

Charlie Simpson catching hold of two of the wires.

Charlie: "All right."

Murray: "Feel anything?"

Charlie: "No."

Murray: "Well, don't catch hold of the other two wires, there's 550 volts across 'em."

Dear Mr. Campbell:

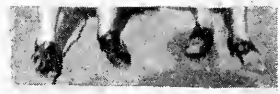
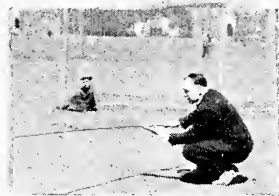
Please excuse Bob from school this morning. He fell in the mud, and by doing same you will greatly oblige.

Mrs. Moose.

Mrs. Myatt: "There's a man at the door with a moustache."

Mr. Myatt: "Send him away, I have one."

EDITOR'S NOTE: The one is used in a very indefinite sense.



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HUMOR PLUS

Mr. Doxsee: "Norman, when was the war of 1812?"

N. Kliman (gradually awakening out of his daze): "Sir, you have me puzzled."

Mr. Doxsee: "Fancy that!"

"Ye Flame" offers a prize of \$5.16 to the most beautiful Central student. No boys need apply. Photographs should be sent immediately, as the expression of many students changes considerably after the June finales. The winner **may** (by the way) appear in Clark Gable's next film, if he'll let her. (The 16 cents is contributed by Mr. Fyfe.)

EDITOR'S NOTE—We have not heard of the above contest!

Barber (to Mr. Oliver): "Wet or dry, Sir?"

Mr. Oliver: "Never mind my politics, comb my hair."

Mr. Chapman (reading Bill Buckley's Latin paper, and coming across a comma): "Ah! The pause that refreshes."

Taxi Driver: "One dollar and fifty cents, please."

Mr. Mackenzie: "Back up to the fifty cent mark, that's all I've got."

Mr. Lingard: "I'm getting some rare work from 4A."

Mr. Campbell: "Same here—about once a month."

Old lady (to Fred Mason in hoosegow): "And why are you here, my good man?"

Mason (with pathos): "They've got all the doors locked."

Mr. MacMurchy (to K. Stillwell): "Keith, can you give me three altotropic forms of water?"

Keith: "Ah . . . tea, coffee, and soup, Sir."

G. Withrow: "I took great pains with that essay!"

Miss MacMillan: "George, it must be contagious. I had great pain reading it!"

Major Myatt (to pal on battle line): "Gosh, am I hungry! If we had some ham, we could have some ham and eggs, if we had some eggs."

Having cleared up the Santa Claus story, Prof. D. Mathews is now analysing the stork fable.

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LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE SENIORS

Mary MacKenzie—Leaves many friends.

Dot Cullum—Leaves next year's track team flat (10 seconds).

Jim Fisher—Leaves . . . we hope.

Bill Nickerson—Leaves a gap, hard to fill.

George Thomson—Leaves with all the dictionaries.

Flo. Powley—Leaves still believing yard sticks are to keep the spectators back.

D. White and D. Matthews—Leave, when finally ejected from the Chem. Lab.

Marg. Lowthian—Leaves the male population panting around the doors of 4C.

Lloyd East—leaves his altitude to Allan Crossley.

Virginia Hooker—Leaves Jimmy.

Puss Pawson—Leaves—he rakes them.

John Mutch—Leaves his Latin text to be sold at auction, proceeds to buy a new teacher.

Louise Deacon—Leaves with a hop, skip and a crash.

Gerry Potts—Leaves to be a "one-man" track team.

Frank Black—Leaves his name in the study room.

Mary Gardiner and Frances Thomson—Leave this ANNUAL with a sigh of relief.

Fred Mason—Leaves, leaving . . . left!

Gertrude Bride: "Is he dumb?"

Elizabeth Black: "He's so dumb, he thinks the St. Louis Cardinals are appointed by the Pope."

Pat Salmond: "Your frog is dead."

Elspeth Milligan: "How do you know?"

Pat: "He just croaked."

Mr. Cooper: "You can't sleep in my class."

Bob Leavitt: "Don't I know it. Haven't I been trying for the last half hour."

Mr. Campbell: "How many times have I told you not to be late?"

Dave Blyth: "I dunno. I thought you were keeping score."

RECREATIONAL LANGUAGES

LATIN

Lest any student should leave school with the impression that Latin is suitable only for discussing battles, hostages, and perfidious enemies, we take pleasure in presenting here a few instances of the use of the language in a more familiar vein. The titles will be sufficient to indicate the contents of the various passages.

"Little Jack Horner"

Johanibus Horner sedebat in angulo,
Scribbitam vorans magno in gaudio,
Pruna extrahens pollico et interdum
Vociferans, "Eia! quam bonus puer sum!"

"Pussy Cat"

Felis mea, felis mea, ubi tu fuisti?
"Spectatum reginam petii Londinium."
Felis mea, felis mea, quid illic fecisti?
"Sub solio exterui murem parvulum."

"Little Boy Blue"

Heus! infla cornu, Puer Caerule,
Oves sunt in prato, bos in segete.
Ubi latet ille custos ovium?
Invenies in feno, somno sopitum.

"Mother, May I Go Out to Swim?"

"Licet natatum ire, mater mea, mater mea?"
I, filia delecta, si indiges balnei;
Suspende vestimenta de arbore hickorea,
Cave accedas aquim, et ocius redi.

"Early to Bed"

Qui citius lectum repetit citiusque relinquit,
Inde valet, nummos inde habet, inde sapit.

"God Save the King"

Servet regem Deus,
Diu vivat noster rex
Magnanimus;
Victor incedito,
Faustus felix esto,
Diuturn(o) in regno,—
Sic oramus.

—Dept. of Latin.

FRENCH

- A Il y avait un jeune homme de Madère
Qui cassa le nez à son père
Demandé pourquoi
Il répondit "Ma foi!
Vous n'avez pas connu mon père."
- B La Guerre et L'Amour
Si je meurs de mort guerrière
Que deviendra mon amour
Elle en sera triste et fère
Jusqu'à son prochain amour.
André Maurois.
- C Gémir, pleurer, prier est également lâche
Fais énergiquement ta longue et lourde tâche
Dans la voie où le sort a voulu t'appeler
Puis, après, comme moi, souffre et meurs
sans parler.
-

GERMAN

DIE DEUTSCHE KLASSE ZWÖLF

- A— heisst die Angst, vor der Prüfung gefühlt;
B— heisst die Bücher, zu Hause geblieben;
C— heisst der Chor, nach Elgar genannt;
D— heisst das Deutsch, drei Jahre studiert;
E— heisst die Ehre, die wir gewinnen;
F— heisst die Freundin, der wir uns erinnern;
G— heisst die Geduld, die wir zeigen;
H— heisst das Haus, worin wir wohnen;
I— heisst die Irrtümer, die wir machen;
J— heisst die Jubel, nach dem Examen;
K— Heisst die Kälte, die wir erdulden;
L— heisst die Lehrerin, aus Schottland gekommen;
M— heisst die Meinungen, die wir halten;
N— heisst der Nebel, worin wir oft gehen;
O— heisst die Ohren, womit wir Deutsch hören;
P— heisst das Papier, auf welchem wir schreiben;
Q— heisst die Quelle unseres Fleiss';
R— heisst die Rast, die wir eifrig suchen;
S— heisst die Stirnen, in Gedanken gerunzelt;
T— heisst die Träume, zu Bette geträumt;
U— heisst die Uhren, zu oft angesehen;
V— heisst die Verben-täglich fünf;
W— heisst der Wischer, so selten benutzt;
Z— heisst die Zukunft, worauf wir uns freuen.
Nun weiss man genug von der deutschen Klasse zwölf.

Mr. Staples: "What would you call a man who pretends to know everything?"

2F (tout ensemble): "A teacher."

Wun: "A little bird told me what sort of a lawyer your uncle is."

Too: "What did he say?"

Wun: "Cheep. Cheep."

Too: "Yeah! Well, a duck told me what sort of a doctor your father is."

Burglar: "Put up your hands or I'll blow out your brains!"

Doug. Craddock: "Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

1. "What part in Canadian History do you like the least?"

2. "That Samuel de Shampoo. He gets in my hair."

Alex Yates: "Here you see the skull of a chimpanzee, a very rare specimen. There are only two in the country, one in the national museum and I have the other."

Mr. Lingard: "You have heard of William the Conqueror?"

Ed. Peart: "Presumably, yes."

Mr. Lingard: "If he were alive today, what would he be doing?"

Ed. Peart: "Drawing an old age pension."

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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS!

The generous support of our many advertisers has made possible the publication of this year's Annual. We hope you will show your appreciation by patronizing them.

The "Acadian Athenaeum" gives a synopsis of the "Life of a joke."

Birth—A "Freshie" thinks it up, and chortles with glee at the splashes from the fountain pen of his wit.

Age five minutes—Freshie tells it to Senior, who answers, "Yeah, it's funny, but I've heard it before."

Age one day—Senior turns it over to College humor-rag as his own.

Age two days—Editor thinks it's terrible.

Age ten days—Ed. has to fill magazine, prints joke.

Age one month—Thirteen College comics print joke.

Age ten years—seventy-six radio comedians discover joke simultaneously, tell it, accompanied by howls from boys in orchestra (\$5.00 a howl).

Age twenty years—Joke printed in respectable literary magazine.

Age one hundred years—Professors start telling joke in class.

Do you remember when times were so hard that hitch-hikers used to stand on the highways and offer to go either way?

Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow ye diet!

Mr. Campbell: "This exam will be conducted on the honor system. Please take three seats apart and in alternate rows."

Mr. Scrimgeour: "How does it happen that you are late again?"

J. Mutch: "Well, you see, there are eight in our family."

Mr. Scrimgeour: "Yes."

J. Mutch: "Well, the alarm clock was set for seven."

CURTAIN CALLS

We send orchids to:

Elizabeth Alport—for being such a successful chairman of the Christmas Concert committee.

Vic Erdelyan—for his knee action in "Here comes the British."

Angus Allan—for "out Heroding Herod" in the Christmas concert.

Gordon Blair—for his honors in the I.O.D.E. oratory contest.

Bernice Flewelling—for her costuming abilities.

Harold Jackson—for growing so.

Eddie Stock—whose Freshman Quartet made the Canadian Radio Commission this year.

Wilmette White—for her figure skating.

Murray Auld—for being artist enough to design the new school crest.

Winnifred Brown—for being Elgar Club President.

Noel Powell—for her efficiency.

Lyman Potts—for his volubility.

Elaine McLeod—for her scholastic ability.

Warren Petersmeyer—who is president of the Students' Council.

Charlie Bell—for his split-second cartooning.

Tillie Handel—for being head of the Dramatic Club.

Marvin Wasserman—for the honors attained in Bryant Oratory Contest.

George Thomson—1934-35 Editor of the PERROQUET.

George Withrow—for his sheer modesty.

"The Rivals"—for singing so well.

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